

OUR
SCHOOLDAY SINGER.

— DRESSING —

FOR THE USE OF THE DAY SCHOOL.

BY ALBINE S. WALTER.


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OUR
SCHOOL-DAY SINGER:

A COLLECTION OF
NEW TUNES AND SONGS FOR THE DAY SCHOOL.

By ALDINE S. KIEFFER,

AUTHOR OF

“GLAD HOSANNAS,” “MORNING STAR SONGSTER,” “SONG-CROWNED KING,” “GOLDEN CITY
SONGSTER,” “EVENING STAR SONGSTER,” ETC., ETC.



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P R E F A C E .



FOR several years, the author of these pages has urged, through the columns of "THE MUSICAL MILLION," the introduction of music into our common schools. Unexpectedly, a large number of teachers have in turn urged him to prepare a book expressly for their use in the school room. This is the only apology that he offers to the musical public for bringing out another new music book.

As soon as he had decided to undertake the work he determined to prosecute it with earnestness, and began correspondence at once with many prominent musicians, soliciting contributions for these pages. And, with the exception of five or six tunes, all of the music contained in this book has either been written expressly for it, or permission has been obtained to reprint the same.

We wish here to express our thanks to THEO. F. SEWARD, B. C. UNSELD, G. R. STREET, and WYATT MINSHALL, for valuable services rendered.

With the hope that these leaves may cheer the hearts of the children, and serve to break the monotony of daily study, and sow good seed that shall spring up into flowers whose bloom expanding shall wreath their hearts with eternal fragrance, these pages are respectfully submitted.

ALDINE S. KIEFFER.

THE SINGING SCHOOL.

NOTE 1 : It has been the object of the author to present, in a few brief chapters, the most important things, under the different heads which music is treated upon, necessary to enable the learner to gain sufficient knowledge to read music correctly. It will be necessary to study the following chapters closely, however, as nothing is contained in them which is not of importance to the student. They are divested of all unnecessary terms, and the teacher it is hoped, will use his influence to secure good discipline upon the subject, remembering that "Repetition is the mother of improvement."

CHAPTER I.

GENERAL DIVISIONS.

Every musical tone has three essential properties, without which it cannot exist, viz :

PITCH, LENGTH, POWER.

Hence these three grand distinctions into which *elementary instruction* in music is naturally divided.

- 1st. MELODY, treating of the *pitch* of sounds.
- 2d. RHYTHM, treating of the *length* of sounds.
- 3d. DYNAMICS, treating of the *power* of sounds.

Under these three general heads will be noticed every thing necessary to assist the pupil in learning to read music.

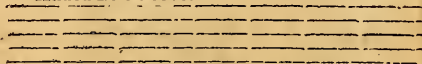
CHAPTER II.

MELODY.

§1. THE SCALE.—At the foundation of music there lies a series of sounds called the SCALE. It consists of an ascending series of eight tones, which are counted from the lowest upwards, as one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, and to which the syllables, DO, RE, MI, FA, SOL, LA, SI, DO, are applied.

§2. THE STAFF.—The tones of the scale are written upon a staff, with certain characters called notes. The staff consists of five lines and four intermediate spaces. On this staff we can write nine degrees of sound, although the compass of the staff may be increased by the addition of lines or spaces. These are called added lines above and added lines below. Also spaces above, and spaces below. *Each* line is called a degree. *Each* space is called a degree.

Added line above. _____



_____ Added line below.

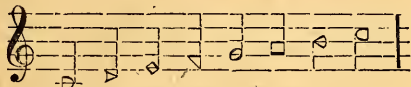
§3. CLEFS.—The staff, however, is a meaningless character of itself, and of no use until we prefix

other characters to it, called clefs. Of these there are two in use, the G clef and the F clef, as follows :



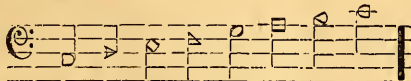
With the use of the foregoing characters mentioned in the preceding sections, we can form a starting point for writing music.

We can now write the scale in the following manner :



Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do,

With the use of the F clef the scale would stand thus upon the staff :



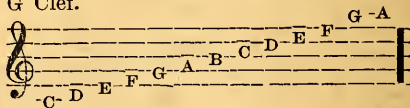
Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do,

§ 4. STEPS AND HALF-STEPS.—The intervals of the scale are seven. Some of these are greater than others. The greater intervals are called *steps*, the lesser intervals are called *half-steps*. Their order is, from Do to Re, a *step*; from Re to Mi, a *step*; from Mi to Fa, a *half-step*; from Fa to Sol, a *step*; from Sol to La, a *step*; from La to Si, a *step*; from Si to Do, a *half-step*.

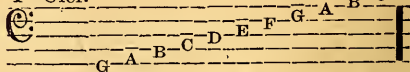
§ 5. NUMERALS.—Numerals are used to designate the different degrees of the scale series, as 1, 3, 5, 7, 4, 6, of the scale. One always designates Do; 2 designates Re; 3 designates Mi, &c. Numerals are also used to indicate the time, and are written on the staff, fractionally, at the beginning of a tune.

§ 6. LETTERS.—Letters are also written upon the staff. They occur in regular order, counting upward from the lower line of each staff. Their position is fixed. Notes may be written on different degrees of the staff, but letters occur always in the same regular order. The Clef fixes the position of the letter, but the first sound of the scale may be written on either line or space of the staff by the use of characters which will be given in due time. The letters on the staff stand thus :

G Clef.



F Clef.



§ 7. SHARPS, FLATS, AND NATURALS.—These are characters which affect the pitch of tones on the staff. A *sharp* is a character which, when placed before a note, raises its pitch a half-step; a *flat*, placed before a note, lowers its pitch a half-

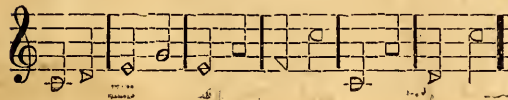
step; a *natural* is used to cancel the effect of a sharp or flat. The effect of a sharp, a flat or a natural continues to operate on all the notes on the same degree of the staff in that measure in which they occur. By the aid of these characters we can introduce intermediate tones between one and two, two and three, four and five, five and six, and six and seven of the scale. No intermediate tone can be introduced between three and four, and between seven and eight, as a half-step is the smallest practical interval known in musical notation.

Sharp. Flat. Natural.



§8. DIATONIC INTERVALS.—In addition to the regular steps and half-steps of the scale, and the intermediate tones already mentioned, there are yet other intervals occasioned by skipping. A *second* from 1 to 2 of the scale; a *third* from 1 to 3 of the scale; a *fourth* from 1 to 4 of the scale, &c. A second is always the interval made by any one given scale-tone, to the next above it. A third from any given scale-tone to the second one above it. A fourth, a fifth, a sixth, a seventh are found by a similar course of reckoning. For example:

Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, Seventh.





CHAPTER III.—RHYTHM.



NOTE 2: In practicing a Singing School in Rhythm, the teacher will find a black-board almost indispensable. Let him illustrate time-measures, notes, rests, etc., until each pupil can answer correctly. We do not form questions on each chapter, as we think the teacher should do that, because it will enable him to vary his questions until he is satisfied that all the pupils understand the subject.



§9. NOTES.—Music is written with characters called notes. Notes have two shapes or forms. A figurative form, which represents the *syllables* applied to them. A rhythmical form, which represents the *length* of sounds. There are five rhythmical notes in common use. They are named, whole, half, quarter, eighth, and sixteenth note.



§10. RESTS.—There are rhythmical characters called Rests. Each note has its corresponding rest, and is named after the note whose rhythmical value it represents. They are marks of silence, and should be observed as particularly as the notes themselves.



§21. DIAGRAM OF NOTES AND RESTS:

We write the whole note thus:  Rest: 

We write the half note "  " 

We write the quarter note "  " 

We write the eighth note "  " 

We write the sixteenth note "  " 

§12. NOTES AND RESTS.—Notes and rests have not a *positive*, but only a *relative* length. The whole note is the governing or ruling power in Rhythm. If we sing the whole note in six seconds the half note must be sung in three seconds, the quarter note in one and a half seconds, the eighth note in three-quarters of a second, and the sixteenth note in three-eighths of a second. If we allow four seconds to the whole note, then the half note must receive but two seconds for its time, the quarter note one second, &c.

§13. MEASURES.—Notes and rests, when written on the staff in a piece of music, are divided into equal time portions called measures. Measures are represented to the eye by the interspaces, separated from each other by perpendicular lines, called Bars. To illustrate:

Measure. Bar. Broad Bar. Doub. Bar. Close.



§14. BARS.—There are four kinds of Bars in use. The Common Bar, used to divide the staff into measures of equal time; the Broad Bar, used for marking the end of a musical sentence or line of poetry; the Double Bar, used to mark the end of a Repeat, the beginning of a Chorus, or at the change of time, and the Close, used at the end of a tune.

§15. PAUSES.—These are rhythmical characters used within the compass of the staff, and for the purpose of protracting the length of notes. A pause

over or under a note protracts it about one-third its original length, though it is not an absolute character, and the time to be given to a pause is left to the taste of the performer. Sometimes it requires a much greater length than at others. There should always be a momentary suspension of the voice after the pause has been duly given to the note.

§16. POINTS.—The length of notes and rests is often increased by writing dots or points after them. A point adds one-half to the length of a note or rest before which it is placed. See following illustrations of the preceding fifteenth and sixteenth sections:

EXAMPLES :

Paused Notes.

Pointed Notes.



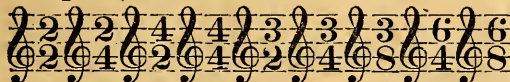
Thus the learner will see that the pointed whole note equals three half notes in length; the pointed half note equals three quarters in length; the pointed quarter note equals three eighths in length, etc.

§17. OF TIME.—Time in music is that length which we give to each note in a piece of music, relative to the whole note.

§18. OF MOVEMENT.—There are three movements of Time—Common or Even Time, Triple or

Uneven Time, and Compound Time. Common Time is divided in Double and Quadruple measures. Those measures which divide into two parts are called Double, and those which divide into four parts are called Quadruple.

§19. OF VARIETY.—The various measures of Time used in this work will be expressed in the following manner, viz :



By the use of notes, points, rests, and other rhythmical characters, an endless combination of time measures may be written in the above indicated measures.

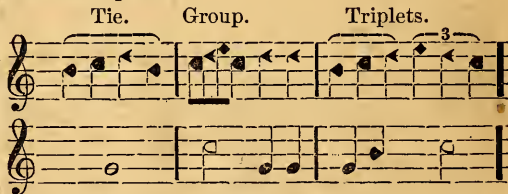
§20. PRIMITIVE MEASURES.—A measure is called primitive when it contains the number and kind of notes which the fraction expresses. For instance : In Double Time the measure must contain two half notes or two quarters; in Quadruple Time, four half notes or four quarters; in Triple Time, three half notes, three quarters, or three eighths, and in Compound Time, six quarters or six eighths notes.

§21. DERIVATIVE MEASURES.—Measures which do not contain the number and kind of notes called for by the fraction expressing the time, are derivatives. Derivative measures must contain the *quantity* expressed by the fraction, in other notes and rests.

§22. OF TIES.—It is frequently necessary to sing or warble three or more notes to one syllable of

verse. These notes are always tied together by a curved line over or under them. These are called grouped or tied notes.

§23. TRIPLETS.—These are frequently met with in pieces of music. Three notes tied together with the figure 3 over or under them, are required to be sung in the same time as two of the same denominational value without the figure 3. Illustrations of ties and triplets :



§24. REPEATS.—A line of dots placed across the staff indicates that the strain following is to be repeated to the Double Bar. *Da Capo*, (*D. C.*) means to repeat from the beginning, closing at the word *Fine* written above the staff.

CHAPTER IV.

DYNAMICS OR POWER.

NOTE 3.—We have treated of tones in the preceding chapters as being merely high and low, and long and short. We now treat sounds as being *loud and soft*. No teacher can drill his class too much in expression and in accent, for they are the soul of music. Without these all-important requi-

sites, singing is a dull, lifeless performance, unworthy the name, and without the power of music.

§25. ACCENT.—Accent is a particular stress of the voice given to certain notes in a measure of music, and to certain syllables in a line of poetry.

§26.—ACCENT IN MEASURES OF DOUBLE TIME. The first note in a measure is invariably accented. In primitive measures there is but one accent—the first part is accented, the second is unaccented. Though measures may be so arranged in this movement as to take as many accents as beats.

§27. ACCENT OF QUADRUPLE MEASURES.—Primitive measures contain four notes, expressed by the fraction, and the accent is on the first and third, the second and fourth being unaccented. These measures may also be arranged to take as many accents as beats.

§28. ACCENT IN TRIPLE MEASURES.—The first note in each measure is accented, the second and third are unaccented, but may be so constructed as to require three accents in each measure.

§ ACCENT IN COMPOUND MEASURES.—In primitive measures of Compound Time the accent lies on the first and fourth notes of each measure, the second, third, fifth and sixth are unaccented.


§30. DEGREES OF POWER.—For the purpose of varying expression according to the character of the music or the sentiment of the poetry, certain degrees of power are used. Some of them with their abbreviations are given in the following


list, which may be applied to single notes or to entire measures and passages.

MEZZO, abbreviated *m.*—a medium degree of power.

PIANO, abbreviated *pia* or *p.*—*soft, pp. very soft.*

FORTE, abbreviated *f. loud, ff. very loud.*

CRESCENDO, abbreviated , increasing in power.

DIMINUENDO, abbreviated , decreasing in power.

STACCATO, abbreviated ! ! ! ! , separate and distinct.

RITARDANDO, abbreviated *Rit.*, gradually retarding the movement.

The sentiment of the poetry should be the main guide to dynamic expression.

§31. As a general thing, where we have an ascending series of tones in a piece of music, the voice should increase in volume, and where a descending series occurs, the reverse is generally a safe rule for expression.

CHAPTER V.

TRANSPOSITION.

§ 32. KEY OF C.—When the scale begins with C, it is said to be in the *Natural Key*, or *Key of C*. But the scale may be *transposed* so as to commence on any one of its seven letters, in which the letter taken as one is called the *Key Note*. Thus, if G is taken as one, it is called the *Key of G*; if D is taken as one, it is called the *Key of D*, &c.

§33 KEY OF G.—In transposing the scale, the proper order of intervals, with reference to steps

and half-steps, must be preserved. In this Key we have to substitute F sharp for F, in the former scale, as we must have a step from 6 to 7 of the scale.

§ 34 KEY OF D.—In transposing from C to D, we have to use two sharps. In order to preserve the agreement of intervals between 3 and 4 and 7 and 8 of the scale, F and C are sharped.

§ 35 KEY OF A.—In writing music in this key, three sharps have to be used for the same purpose, viz., that of adjusting the intervals.

§ 36. KEY OF E.—Four sharps are found to be necessary in transposing the key to this letter, F, C, G and D sharp.

§ 37. KEY OF F.—The place of disagreement, when the scale is transposed to F, is between 3 and 4 of the scale. To correct this it is found necessary to flat B.

§ 38. KEY OF B♭—When the scale is transposed to B flat, there are found two places of disagreement. For the tones B and E we must substitute B flat and E flat.

§ 39. KEY OF E♭—In writing music in this key, we have to use three flats, B, E and A flat in order to adjust the intervals.

§ 40. KEY OF A♭—In transposing the scale from E♭ to A♭, we have to use four flats, B, E, A and D flat.

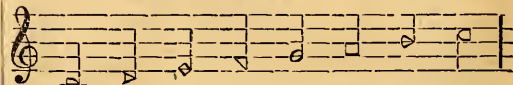
§ 41. HOW TO FIND THE KEY.—It will be observed

that the sharps and flats are placed on the staff directly after the clefs, and which are the signature of the key, are not written directly over one another, but that each additional sharp or flat is written a little to the right of the preceding one. The following will serve as a rule: *The degree above the last sharp is 1 of the scale. The degree above the last flat is 5 of the scale. The last sharp or flat will be the one farthest towards the right.*

§ 42. The difficulty of reading round note music lies in the fact that any line or space of the staff may be taken as *one*, and as there is but one shape for all the tones of the scale in round note notation, the syllables have to be found by calculation. In character notes this serious difficulty is avoided, as each note of the scale has a distinct shape which represents a given syllable, and this identity of shape and syllable is preserved throughout all the changes of transposition, rendering the reading of music in any key an easy matter.

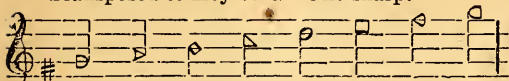
§ 43. We have used but four sharps and four flats in transposing the scale, as we have used but nine keys in this work. See the following illustrations of keys by transposition :

Key of C—Natural.



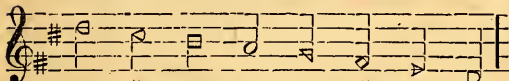
C-1 D-2 E-3 F-4 G-5 A-6 B-7 C-8

Transposed to Key of G—One sharp.



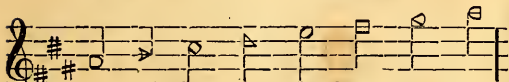
G-1 A-2 B-3 C-4 D-5 E-6 F#7 G-8

Transposed to Key of D—Two sharps.



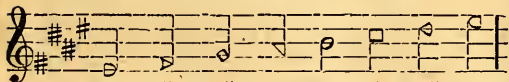
D-8 C#-7 B-6 A-5 G-4 F#-3 E-2 D-1

Transposed to Key of A—Three sharps.



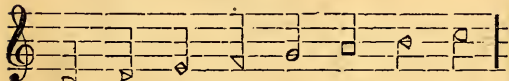
A-1 B-2 C#-3 D-4 E-5 F#-6 G#7 A-8

Transposed to Key of E—Four sharps.



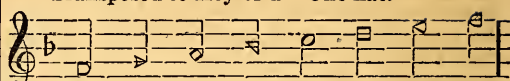
E-1 F#-2 G#-3 A-4 B-5 C#-6 D#-7 E-8

Key of C—Natural.



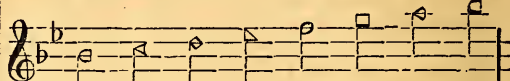
C-1 D-2 E-3 F-4 G-5 A-6 B-7 C-8

Transposed to Key of F—One flat.



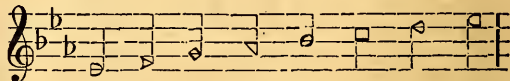
F-1 G-2 A-3 Bb-4 C-5 D-6 E-7 F-8

Transposed to Key of Bb—Two flats.



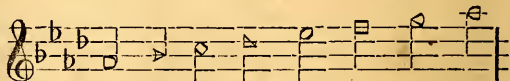
Bb-1 C-2 D-3 Eb-4 F-5 G-6 A-7 Bb-8

Transposed to Key of Eb—Three flats.



Eb-1 F-2 G-3 Ab-4 Bb-5 C-6 D-7 Eb-8

Transposed to Key of Ab—Four flats.



Ab-1 Bb-2 C-3 Db-4 Eb-5 F-6 G-7 Ab-8

§44. In the above illustrations, it will be seen that sharps raise a fifth in the transpositions of the scale. Thus, in the scale of C, we count C-1, D-2, E-3, F-4, G-5; and by writing F sharp as the signature, we find that Do occupies the same position on

the staff that Sol did in the scale of C. In each succeeding remove we find Do occupying the position of Sol in the former scale. In transposition by flats, we find flats remove a fourth in the scale, Do occupying the position in each succeeding scale that Fa did in the former. Thus C-1, D-2, E-3, F-4, flat B, and we count F-1, G-2, A-3, B♭ 4; flat B and E, and we commence with B♭-1, C-2, D-3, E♭-4, and thus throughout the various moves.

CHAPTER VI.

CLASSIFICATION OF VOICES AND RANGE OF PARTS.

§ 45. OF VOICE.—Although the compass of the human voice, if we include the highest female voices with the lowest male voices, extends through three or four octaves, yet it rarely happens that individual voices have a compass of more than one and a half or two octaves. Hence the necessity of *parts*, each of which is limited to the compass of a single voice or class of voices.

§ 46. THE PARTS.—The *Base* is the lowest part in music, and should be sung by male voices which are pitched low.

The *Tenor* is suited to male voices which are pitched high.

The *Alto* is adapted to female voices having a low pitch, and to boys before the change of voice.

The *Soprano*, *Air* or *Treble* should be sung by female voices of the highest range. Many female voices are equally adapted to Alto and Soprano. The Soprano and Alto are frequently written on the same staff.

RANGE OF PARTS.

Tenor—Male.

Alto—Female and boys.

Treble—Female.

Base—Male.

The illustration shows four musical staves, each with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The notes are: G (below staff), A, B, C, D, E, F, G, A, B, C, D, E (above staff). The range of each part is indicated by the notes written on the staff.

§ 47. By the above illustrations it will be seen that the *Base* voices should have a range from G, lower line, to E second space above the *Base* staff. The *Tenor* voices have a range from C, added line below the staff to G first space above the *Tenor* staff. The female voices have the same range, commencing and ending on the same letters, with this exception, G in *Alto* is an octave higher than

G in the Base, and C in Treble is an octave higher than C in Tenor.

NOTE 4.—The teacher should aim as far as practicable to classify his scholars in this order, securing low voices for Base and high voices for Tenor, observing the same order for Alto and Treble. Attention to this fact will enable him to avoid much

of the *harsh, grating* sounds occasioned by Base voices attempting Soprano; or the *weak, faint* sound occasioned by high voices attempting parts below their range.

With this ends our our theoretical department. The next chapters are devoted to practical exercises.

CHAPTER VII.

PRACTICAL EXERCISES.

Example I.—Scale exercise. Two beats to each measure. First note in each measure loud, the second note in each measure soft.

do do, re re, mi mi, fa fa, sol sol, la la, si si, do.

Example II.—One beat to each quarter note.

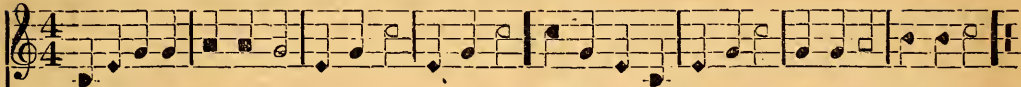
FEMALE.

See the shin - ing dew-drops On the flowers strewed, Proving as they sparkle, God is ev - er good.

MALE.

In these examples the teacher should enforce time, countings, beatings, until each pupil can time correctly.

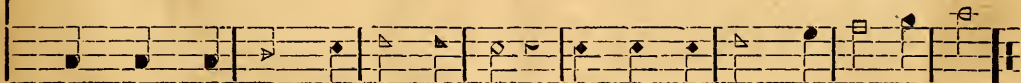
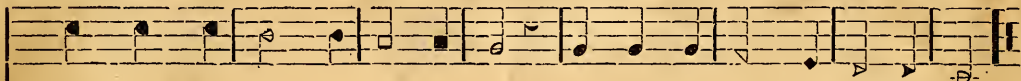
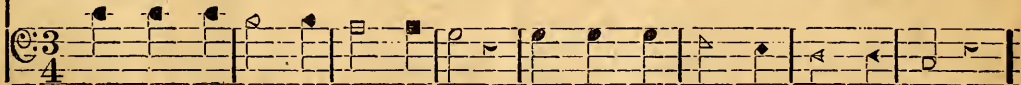
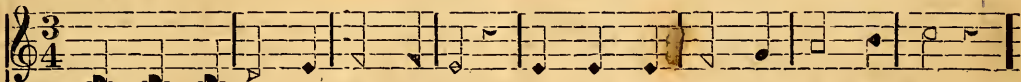
Example III.—Quadruple Time. Four beats to each measure. Down, left, right, up. First note in each measure, loud, second, soft; third, loud; fourth, soft.



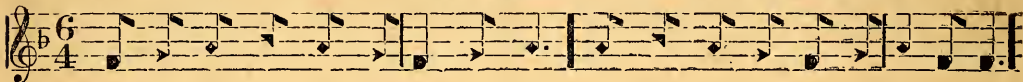
1 Shout across the si-lent sea, Ship a-hoy! Ship a-hoy? Oh! what sight could gladder be, Ship ahoy! Ship ahoy
2 Days and nights alone we sail, Ship ahoy! Ship ahoy! Cheer her on the rising gale, Ship a-hoy! Ship a-hoy!



Example IV.—Triple Time. Three beats to a measure. First note in each measure, loud; second and third, soft.



Example V.—Compound Time. Two beats to a measure. First and fourth parts accented.



§ 48. In the foregoing examples we have given two of Double Time, one of Quadruple Time, one of Triple, and one of Compound Time. These are deemed sufficient to illustrate the movement of each kind of Time. The subdivisions of these movements have been treated upon under §19, of Variety.

The marking of the time should claim particular attention, and is performed in the following manner, viz :—the measures of Double Time must have two beats or countings of the hand, *down, up* ; a down beat on the first part of each measure and an up beat on the second part. In measures of Quadruple time, we have four beats or countings of the hand, *down, left, right, up* ; a down beat on the first part of each measure, left beat on the second, right beat on the third, and an up beat on the fourth. In the measures of Triple Time we have three countings or beats of the hand, *down, left, up* ;

a down beat on the first part of the measure, a left beat on the second, and an up beat on the third part. In measures of Compound Time we have two beats or countings of the hand, *down, up* ; a down beat on the first measure, and up beat on the fourth part.

The accent of these measures has been treated upon under Chap. IV.

We have adopted the name Compound Time, instead of Sextuple Time as it is generally called, from the simple fact that it is a Compound measure. Two primitive measures of Triple Time added, will make a primitive measure of Compound Time. Few authors instruct the giving of six beats to the measure in this movement, as it has been found almost impracticable, and whenever attempted leads to dull and lifeless performance.

OUR SCHOOL-DAY SINGER.

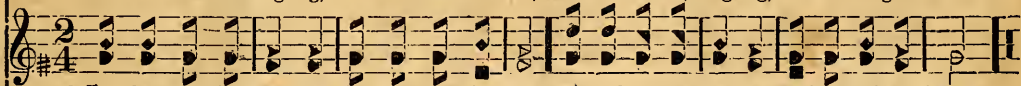


CALL TO SINGING.

A. S. KIEFFER.



1 Join we now in sing-ing, Share it one and all; Let our voi-ces, ring-ing, Ech-o through the hall.



2 Bro-ther, thou be-long-est To the tune-ful throng; Thou thy na-ture wrong-est by neg-lect of song.

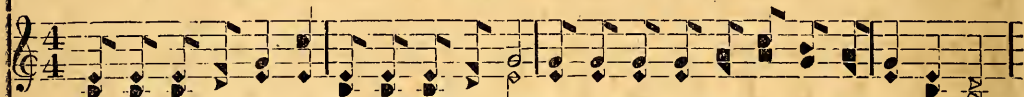


3 Let it lead us up-ward To the joys a-bove, Where, 'mid hal-le-lu-jahs, All is joy and love.

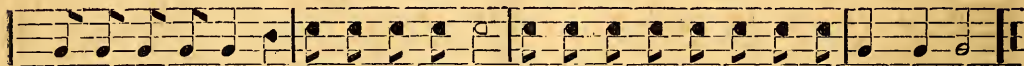
4 Join we, then, in sing-ing, Share it one and all; Let our voi-ces, ring-ing, Ech-o through the hall.



1 In the fear - ly spring - time, When the vio - lets grow, When the birds sing sweetly, And the soft winds blow,



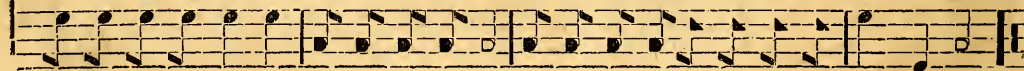
2 Sun - ny lit - tle blos - soms On their slen - der stalk, How much they would teach us, If they could but talk ;



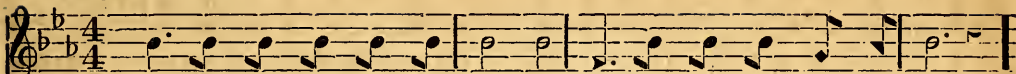
Comes the lit - tle dai - sy, Blooming fresh and fair, Springing bright and joyous From its mountain lair.



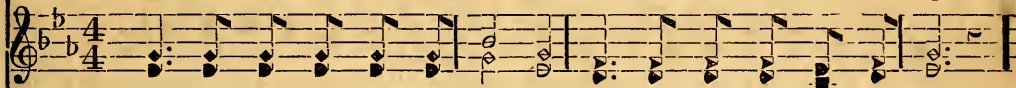
Ev - er look - ing up - ward All the live - long day, Bright their fa - ces turn to Catch each sun - beam's ray.



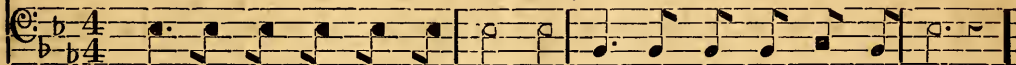
Tenderly, and not too fast.



1 Sa - vior, ten - der Shep - herd, hear me; Bless thy lit - tle lamb to - night;



2 All this day thy hand has led me, And I thank thee for thy care;



3 Let my sins be all for - giv - en, Bless the friends I love so well;



Through the dark - ness be thou near me, Watch my sleep till morn - ing light.

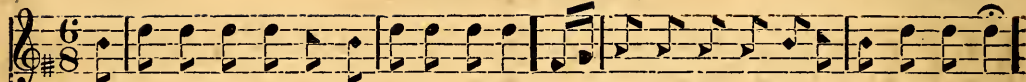


Thou hast clothed me, warmed me, fed me, Lis - ten to my eve - ning prayer.

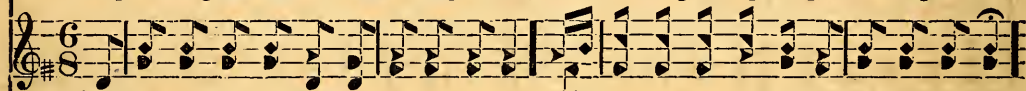


Take me, when I die, to heav - en, Hap - py there with thee to dwell.

2. O. S. D. S.



1 Keep work-ing 'tis wis - er than sit - ting a - side, And dream-ing, and sigh - ing, and wait-ing the tide;



2 With eyes ev - er o - pen, a tongue that's not dumb, A heart that to sor - row will nev - er suc-cumb;



3 In life's ro - sy morn-ing, in man-hood's fair pride, Let this be your mot - to your footsteps to guide;



In life's earn-est bat - tle they on - ly pre-vail, Who dai - ly march on-ward and nev - er say fail!



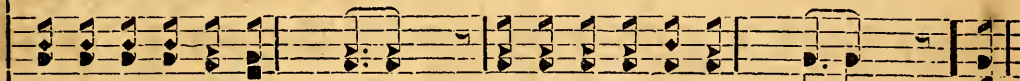
You'll bat-tle and con-quer though thousands assail! How strong and how mighty, Who nev - er say fail!



In storm and in sun-shine, what ev-er as - sail, I'll on - ward and con-quer and nev - er say fail!



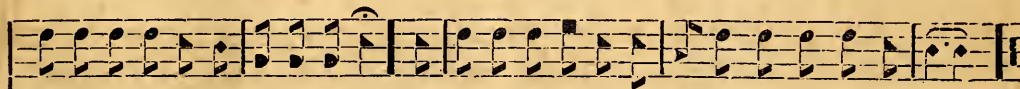
Nev-er, oh, nev-er, oh, nev-er say fail; Nev-er, oh, nev-er, oh, nev-er say fail! In



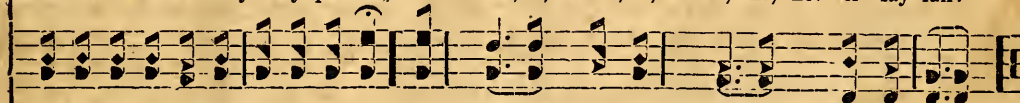
Nev-er, oh, nev-er, say fail! Nev-er, oh, nev-er say fail! In



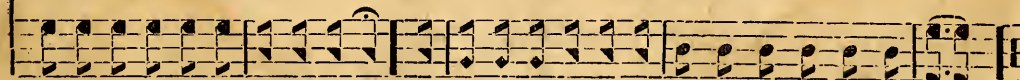
Nev-er, oh, nev-er, oh, nev-er say fail! Nev-er, oh, nev-er, oh, nev-er say fail! In



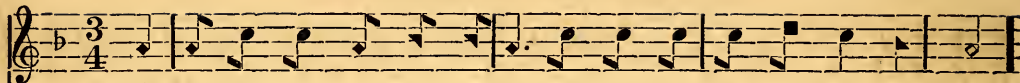
life's earnest bat-tle they on-ly pre-vail, Who nev-er, no, nev-er, no, nev-er, no, nev-er say fail!



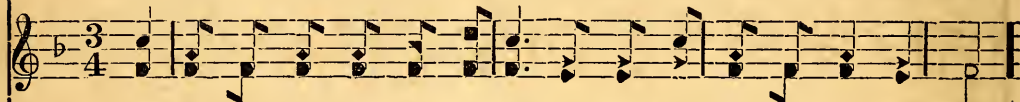
life's earnest battle they on-ly pre-vail, Who nev- - - er, no, nev- - - er say fail!



life's earnest battle they on-ly pre-vail, Who nev-er, no, nev-er, no, nev-er, no, nev-er say fail!



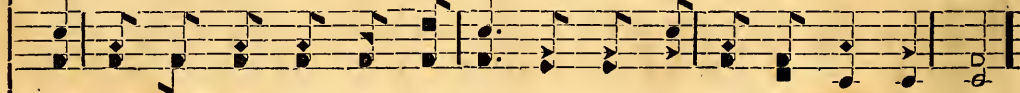
1 Who has not felt how sad - ly sweet The dream of home, the dream of home,



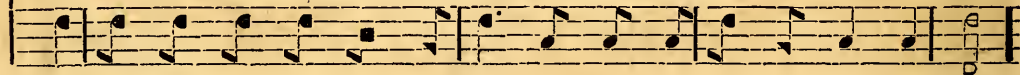
2 Ask of the sail - or youth when far His light bark bounds o'er o - cean foam,



Steals o'er the heart too soon to fleet, When o'er the sea or land we roam?

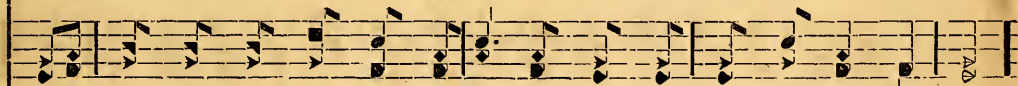


What charms him most when eve - ning's star Smiles o'er the wave? to dream of home.

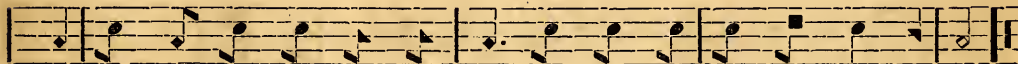




Sun - light more soft o'er us may fall, To green - er shores our bark may come;



Fond thoughts of ab - sent friends and loves At that sweet hour a - round him come;

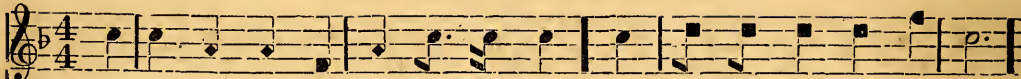


But far more bright, more dear to all, That dream of home, that dream of home.

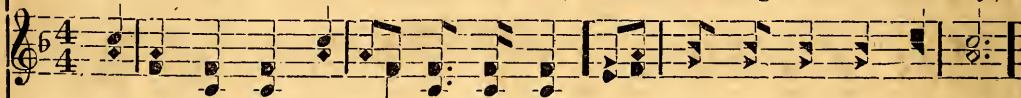


His heart's best joy where'er he roves, That dream of home, that dream of home.

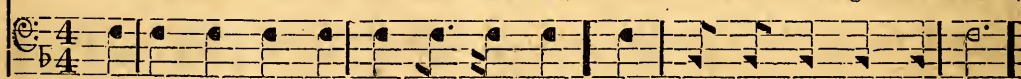




1 The A, B, C. is pleas - ant to me, I'm learn - ing it all the day;



2 I'm glad to know the fine lit - tle row, Of let - ters both great and small;



When ev - er I look in a pret - ty sweet book, I see noth - ing but A, B, C.



The D, E, F, G, and the M, N, O, P, And the V, X, Y, Z, and all.



The image shows three staves of musical notation. The first staff is a single melodic line. The second and third staves are for a two-part setting, with the second staff being a lower octave of the first. The lyrics are written below the first two staves.

Sing A, B, C, Sing A, B, C, I see noth - ing but A, B, C.

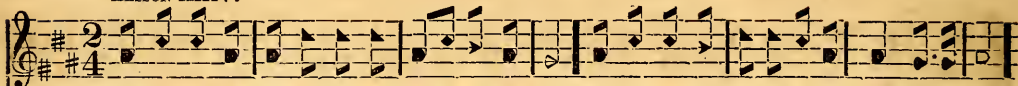
Sing A, B, C, Sing A, B, C, I see noth - ing but A, B, C.

3 If I can fix
 These marks twenty-six,
 In my little careless head,
 I'll read every book
 As soon as I look
 At the letters all over it spread.
 Sing A, B, C, sing X, Y, Z,
 And the letters all over it spread.

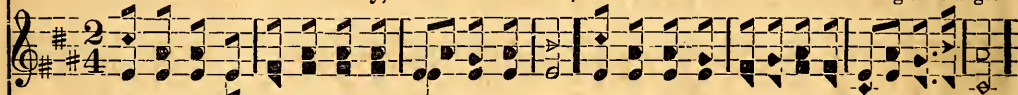
4 I now will learn
 Them all in their turn;
 The letters both great and small;
 For how can I spell

Or pronounce them well,
 Till I shall have learned them all.
 Sing A, B, C, sing X, Y, Z,
 For I'm going to learn them all.

5 The bees and flies
 Have nice little eyes,
 But never can read like me;
 They crawl on the book,
 And they seem to look,
 But they never know A, B, C.
 Sing A, B, C, sing A, B, C,
 They can never know A, B, C.



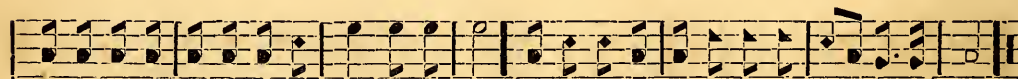
1 Once there was a lit-tle Kit-ty, White as the snow; In a barn he used to frolic Long time a-go.



2 Two black eyes had lit-tle Kitty, Black as a crow; And they spied the little Mousie, Long time a-go.



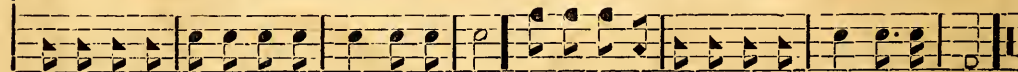
3 Nine pearl teeth had little Kit-ty All in a row; And they bit the little Mousie, Long time ago.



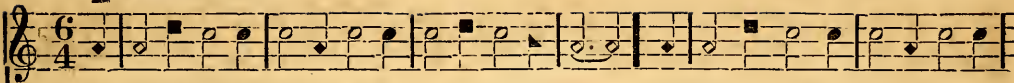
In the barn, a lit-tle Mousie Ran to and fro; For she heard the lit-tle Kit-ty, Long time a-go.



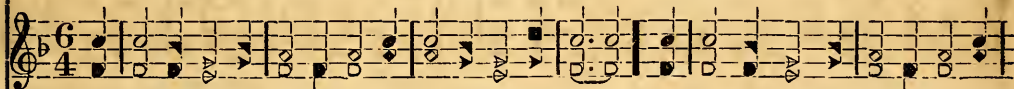
Four soft paws had lit-tle Kit-ty Paws soft as snow; And they caught the little Mousie, Long time a-go.



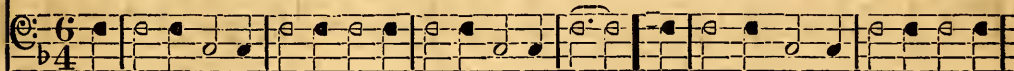
When the teeth bit lit-tle Mou-sie, Mousie cried out "Oh!" But she got away from Kit-ty, Long time a-go.



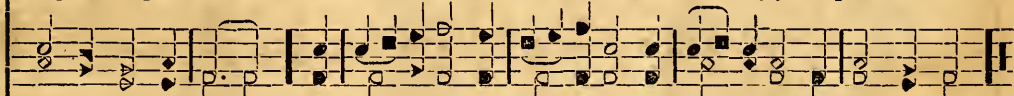
1 A lit-tle child who loves to pray, And read his Bible, too, Shall rise a - bove the sky one day, And



2 Look, up dear children, see that star, Which shines so brightly there ; But you shall brighter shine by far, When



sing as an-gels do ; Shall live in heaven, that world above, Where all is joy and peace and love.

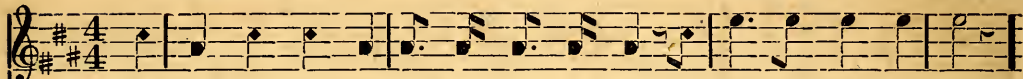


in that world so fair ; A harp of gold you each shall have, And sing the power of Christ to save.



THE SCHOOL HOUSE ON THE HILL.

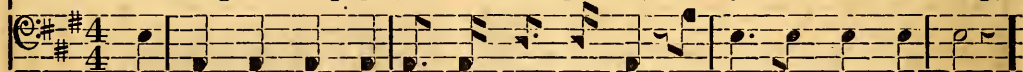
Words and Music by A. S. KIEFFER.



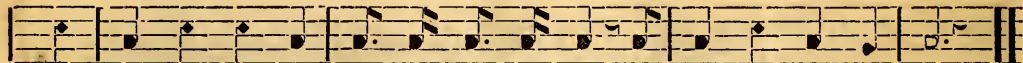
1 Fond mem'-ry paints the scenes of oth - er years, Green be their mem'-ry still;



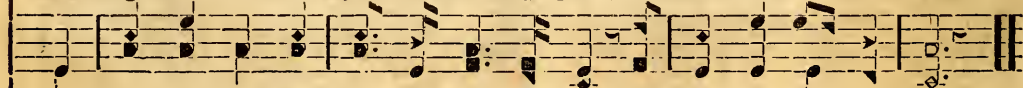
2 There hangs the swing up - on the ma - ple tree, Where you and I once swung;



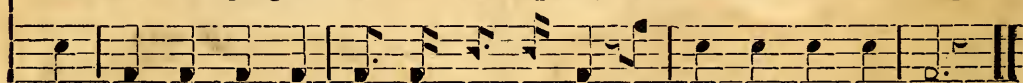
3 And just be - yond the school-house play-ing ground, Green grows the for - est still;



And bright a - mid those joy - ous scenes ap - pears, The school-house on the hill.—



There flows the spring for - ev - er flow - ing free, As when we both were young.

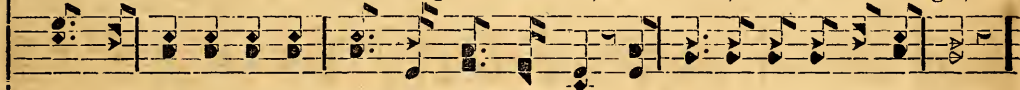


Where once we chased each oth - er round and round, With boist'-rous glee and skill.

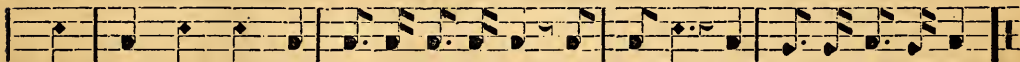
CHORUS.



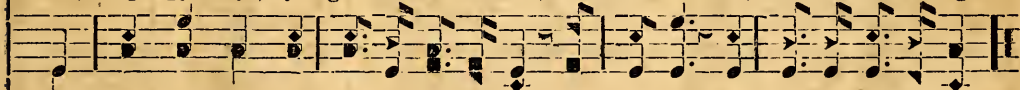
O the old school-house that stands up-on the hill, I nev - er, nev - er can for - get,



O the old school-house that stands up-on the hill, I nev - er, nev - er, can for - get,



Dear, hap - py days, ye gath-er round me still, I nev - er! No, nev - er can for - get.



Dear, hap - py days, ye gath-er round me still, I nev - er! No, nev - er can for - get.

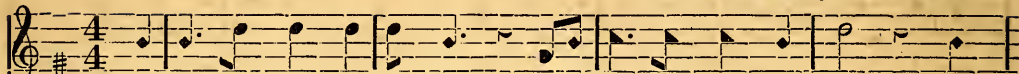


4 There climb the vines, and there the berries grow
Which once we prized so high ;
And there the ripe nuts glisten in the glow
Of rich October's sky.

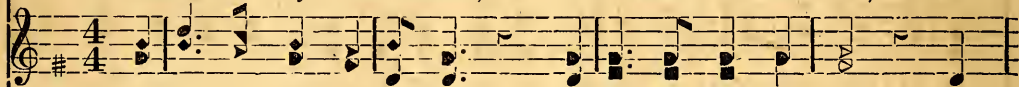
5 And on the play-ground happy children still
Shout as in days of yore ;
But oh ! those days, alas, for us, dear Will,
Are gone forever more.

“I CANNOT DIE WITH STRANGERS.”—Quartette.

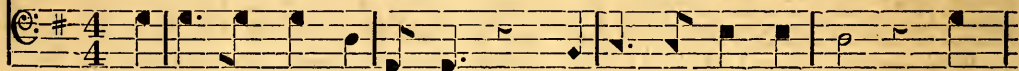
Words and Music by WYATT MINSHALL.



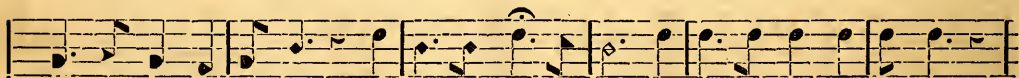
1 When far a - way I've wan-dered, In - to some dis - tant land; Where



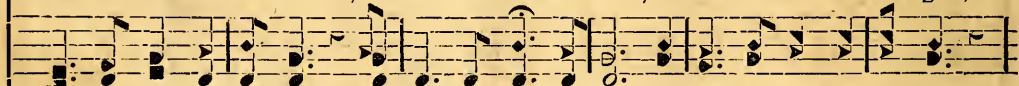
2 If from the lips of stran-gers, In ac - cents low I hear,—“'Tis



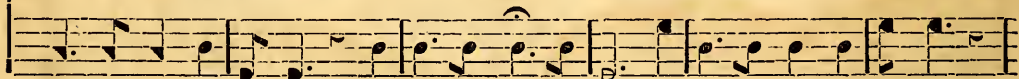
3 Oh! take me to my kin - dred, To those I love so dear; And



those I've known since childhood, I meet on neith-er hand; Where all a-round are strangers,



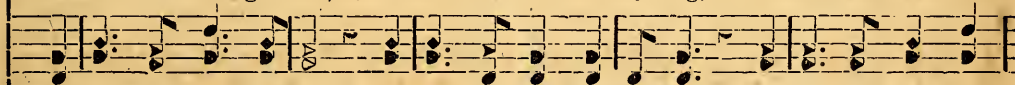
un - to death this sick-ness, He can - not live I fear;” Me thinks 'twould rouse my being,



in life's la - test strug-gle, Their cheer-ing words I'll hear, And as I go they'll whis-per,



And I a stran-ger too; I will not think of dy-ing, Far from the tried and

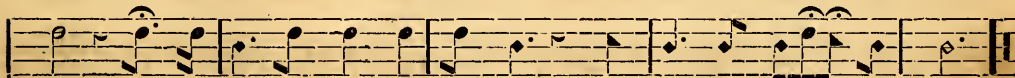


In bit-ter grief I'd cry— “It can-not be I'm go-ing,— I must go home to

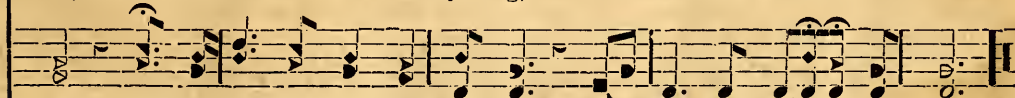


“We'll meet you by and by,”— I can-not die with stran-gers, Oh! take me home to

Rit. P.



true, Oh! I could not think of dy-ing, Far from the tried and true.



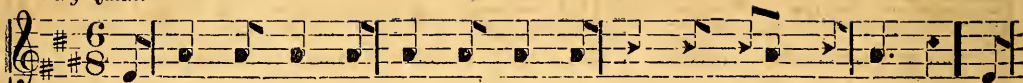
die, Oh! it can-not be I'm go-ing,— I must go home to die.”



die, Oh! I can-not die with stran-gers, I must go home to die.

SKATING GLEE.

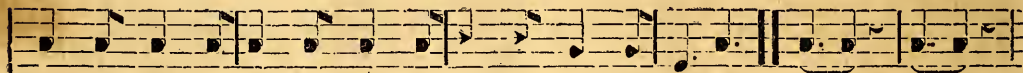
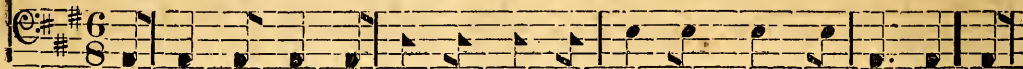
Very Quick.



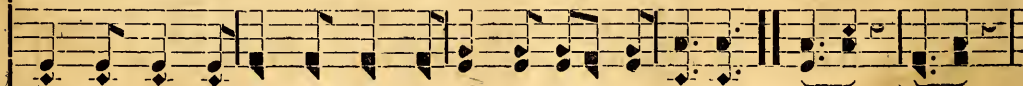
1 O, come with me and we will go, And try the win - ter's cold, sir; It



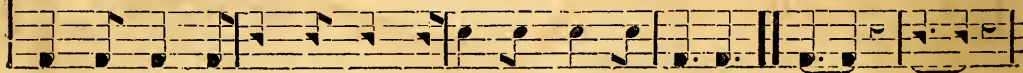
2 We have had mer - ry games in spring Of ball and oth - er sorts, sir; But



free - zes now, and soon will snow, But we are tough and bold, sir. Come, Come,



win - ter, too, his share can bring Of old and cheer - ful sports, sir. Come, Come,



Come, oh, come with me, sir! Come, come, come, oh, come with me!

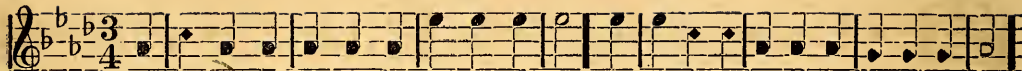
Come, oh, come with me, sir! Come, come, come, oh, come with me!

3 With sled and satchel, off we start,
 The smoking breakfast through, sir,
 And all the day, with book and chart,
 We have enough to do, sir.

5 Then come with me, and we will go,
 And try the winter's cold, sir;
 Nor fear the ice, nor fear the snow,
 For we are tough and bold, sir.

4 But when the lessons all are done,
 O, then we're on the ice, sir;
 And by the redly sinking sun,
 We're skating it so nice, sir.

6 And then at evening, sitting round
 The crackling, cheerful blaze, sir,
 We'll tell our stories, sing our songs,
 And close the winter days, sir.



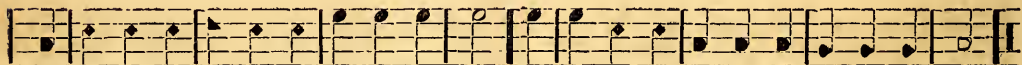
1 Dear Je - sus, my Shepherd, on thee I re - ly, My footsteps to guide and my wants to supply ;



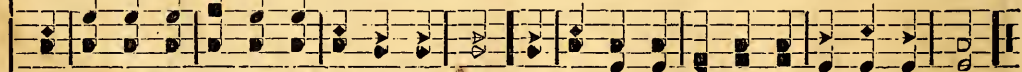
2 Dear Je - sus, my Rock, when the wild tempests blow, I cling to thee—no oth-er ref-uge I know :



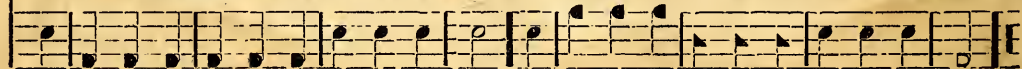
3 Dear Je - sus, my strength, thou wilt hear my complaint, When, weary, and helpless, and ready to faint,
4 Dear Je - sus, my Sa - vior, on thee I re - ly, My footsteps to guide and my wants to supply ;



My soul thou wilt lead where the bright wa-ters flow ; Nor leave me to wan-der for - sa - ken be - low.



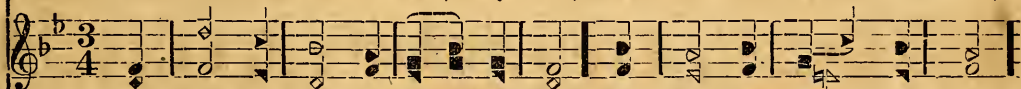
Though wildly the bil - lows may dash on the strand The Rock of my ref - uge the storm shall withstand.



I call thee who loved me—who car-est for me, Dear Je - sus, my Strength, I will lean upon thee.
For thou hast re - deemed me with thy pre - cious blood, The ransom that brings the poor sin - ner to God.



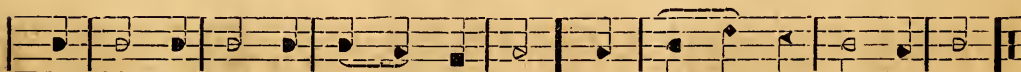
1 How sweet to think of thee, my God, As in this life I roam;



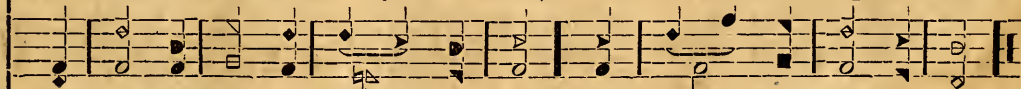
2 Yet oft in wea - ri - ness I sigh, In sor - row, care, and pain;



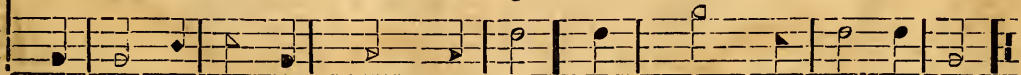
3 O Je - sus, with thy love di - vine En - fold my doubt - ing soul;



For Christ the toil - some way hath trod, And he will bring me home.



For - get - ting that my God is nigh, When earth - ly help is vain.



As - sur - ing me that thou art mine, When bil - lows o'er me roll.

3. O. S. D. S.

1 The wind sweeps down the meadow, The snow lies on the hill, And in old win - ter's bosom

2 The winds of winter lone - ly Chant dirges o'er her grave; And round about it on - ly

3 But there will come the summer, And there will fall the rain, And there the ten - der willow,
4 And O! there comes a summer, More precious, sweet and fair, When we shall, like earth's flowers,

The brooklet sleepeth chill; The earth has lost its beauty, The skies are clad in gloom;

The leafless willows wave; No pleasant flowers are swelling, To burst their rich perfume,

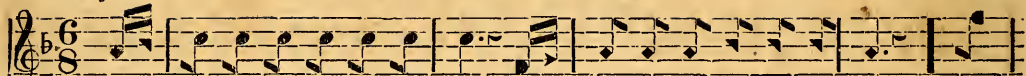
Shall yet grow green a - gain; And there the Southwind's calling Shall waken fragrant flowers,
New robes of beau-ty wear; And then we'll rise to - gether And walk these fields again,

CHORUS.

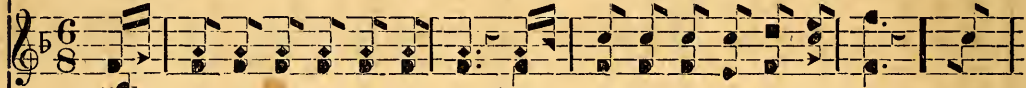
For she is gone,—my darling—To sleep within the tomb. Oh, Nel - lie, my Nel - lie,
 Nor summer grasses growing, To clothe her peaceful tomb. Oh, Nel - lie, my Nel - lie,

And there shall birds sing sweetly In hap - py summer hours.
 And sing with all the an - gels Redemption's joyful strain.

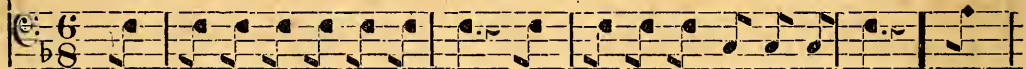
My dar - ling, my bride! Thy slum - bers are lone - ly Up - on the cold hill - side.
 My dar - ling, my bride! Thy slum - bers are lone - ly Up - on the cold hill - side.



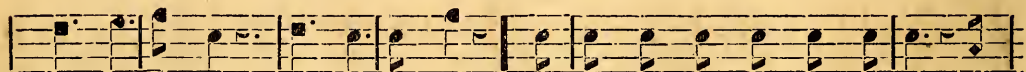
1 Cold wa - ter, cold wa - ter for me, There's no - thing so pure and so free, As



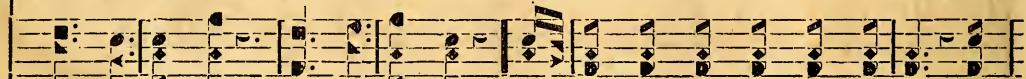
2 I'm sure that there's no-thing can give The strength which we need while we live, Like



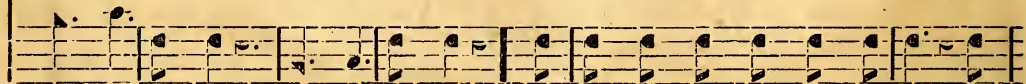
3 Nor am I a - lone in my choice, There's ma - ny an ech - o - ing voice, Will



good cold wa - ter! good cold wa - ter! I'll go to the brook or the spring, And



pure cold wa - ter! pure cold wa - ter! And quick to the brook or the spring, I'll



praise cold wa - ter! praise cold wa - ter! We'll run to the brook and the spring, And

o - ver it's bub - bles I'll sing, Cold wa - ter, cold wa - ter for me! Cold wa - ter cold wa - ter for me!
 has - ten and mer - ri - ly sing, Cold wa - ter, cold wa - ter for me! Cold wa - ter, cold wa - ter for me!

o - ver their bub - bles we'll sing, Cold wa - ter, cold wa - ter for us! Cold wa - ter, cold wa - ter for us!

In a gentle and subdued manner.

MONETA.

A. S. KIEFFER.

1 One sweetly solemn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er, Nearer my parting hour am I Than e'er I was before.

2 Nearer my Father's house, Where many mansions be; Nearer the throne where Jesus reigns, Nearer the crystal sea.

3 Nearer my going home, Laying my burden down, Leaving my cross of heavy grief, Wearing my starry crown.

4 Nearer that hidden stream, Winding thro' shades of night, Rolling its cold dark waves between Me and the world of light.

1 Care-less-ly, loi-ter-ing on the street, Then wan-der-ing to and fro, A sun-brown'd face with

lit-tle bare-feet, Ah, whith-er, pray, do they go? Gent-ly come near to the stran-ger child, So

friend-less she seems and lone ; With kind-ness subdue that look so wild, And bring the wanderer home.

CHORUS.

Yes, bring to our home, our beau-ti-ful home, The lit-tle, lone, wander-ing one; Where the

home-less child may nev-er-more roam, We glad-ly in-vite her to come.

2 Sad is thy history, Nina Bell,
 As gathering day by day,
 The woes of life thine only may tell,
 Or childish voice plaintive say :
 "Only a place in the narrow lane,
 Away from the sun's bright rays,
 Where flowers ne'er bloomed, nor song-birds came,
 To cheer the wearisome days."

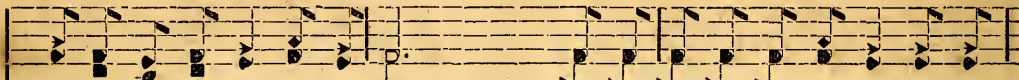
3 "Well I remember dear mother said,
 In accents so soft and mild,
 'Poor Nina Bell, when mamma is dead,
 Who'll care for her orphan child?'
 Slowly she died in that dreary home,
 And left me forever-more,
 To sorrow and mourn, or wander lone,
 A beggar girl at the door."

SCATTER SEED.

THEO. F. SEWARD.
From the "SINGER," by permission.



1 In the fur - rows of thy life, Scat - ter seed ! Scat - ter seed ! In the
2 Up ! the morn - ing flies a - way— Scat - ter seed ! Up ! the



fur - rows of thy life, Scat - ter seed ! Scat - ter seed ! Small may be thy spir - it field, But a
morn - ing flies a - way—Scat - ter seed ! Hand of thine must nev - er tire, Heart must



good - ly crop 'twill yield ; Sow the kind - ly word and deed—Scat - ter seed ! Scat - ter seed !
keep its pure de - sire, While thy broth - ers faint and bleed, Scat - ter seed ! Scat - ter seed !



In the fur - rows of thy life, scat - ter seed, Scat - ter seed, In the

fur-rows of thy life, Scat-ter seed, Scat - ter seed, Scat-ter seed on eve - ry side, Send it

far, and send it wide, Scatter seed on eve - ry side.

3 :||: Tho' thy work should seem to fail, :||:

:||: Scatter seed ! Scatter seed ! :||:

Some may fall on stony ground ;

Flow'r and blade are often found,

In the clefts we little heed—

Scatter seed ! Scatter seed !

4 :||: Spring time always dawns for thee ; :||:

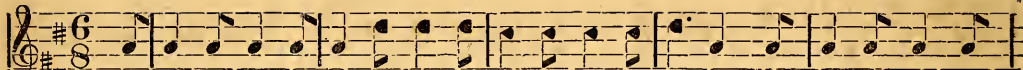
:||: Scatter seed ! Scatter seed ! :||:

Ope thy spirit's golden store,

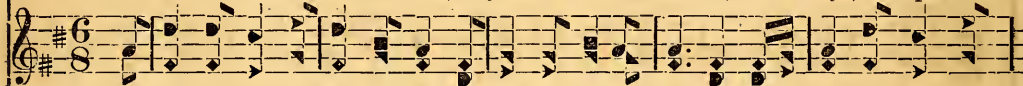
Stretch thy furrows more and more,

God will give thee all thy need—

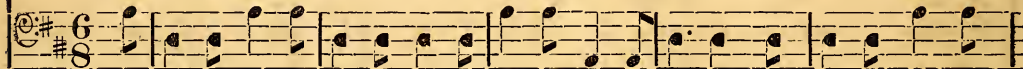
Scatter seed ! Scatter seed !



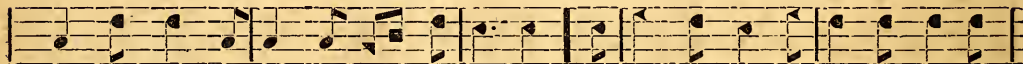
1 Who has no sun-shine in his heart, May call the au-tumn sober, But boys, with puls-es



2 The yellow moon is clear and bright The si-lent up-land light-ing; The mead-ow grass is



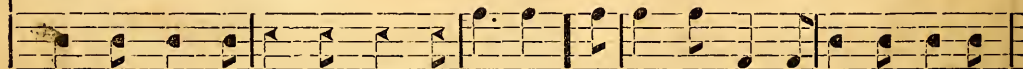
3 Hur - rah ! the nuts are dropping ripe In all the for - rest bow-ers ; We'll climb as high as



leap - ing wild Should love the brown Oc - to-ber. A - long the glade and on the hill The



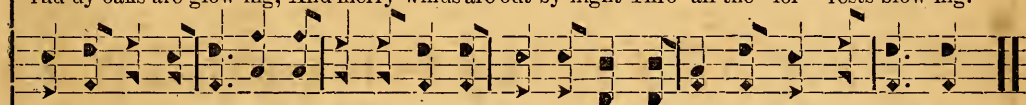
crisp and white The frosts are keen and bi - ting. A shin - ing moon a fros - ty sky, A



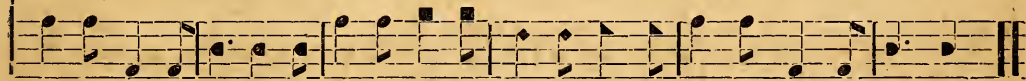
squir-rels go We'll shake them down in showers. When heads are gray, and eyes are dim, We'll



rud-dy oaks are glow-ing, And merry winds are out by night Thro' all the for - rests blow-ing.



gus - ty morn to fol - low—To drive the withered leaves about And keep them in the hol - low.

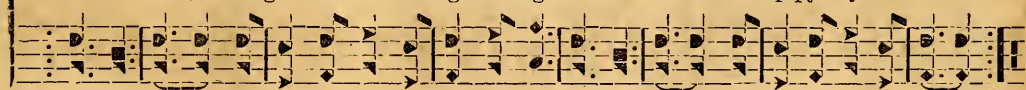


call the au-tumn so-ber But now with life in eve - ry limb We love the brown Oc - to - ber.

CHORUS.



Ho ! ho ! ho ! The gol-den autumn bright with glee Ho ! ho ! ho ! Its hap-py days for me.

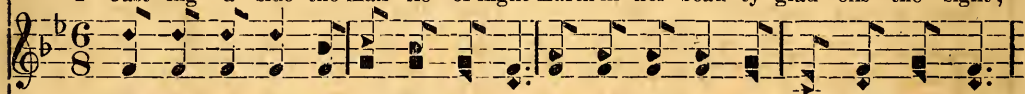


Ho ! ho ! ho ! The golden autumn bright with glee Ho ! ho ! ho ! Its hap-py days for me.





1 Cast-ing a - side the man - tle of night Earth in her beau - ty glad - ens the sight ;

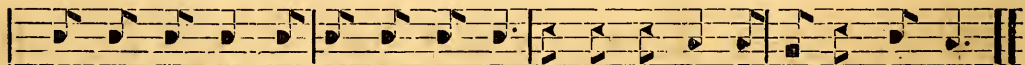


2 Streamlet and riv - er, val - ley and plain, Robed in the sun - light, charms us a - gain ;

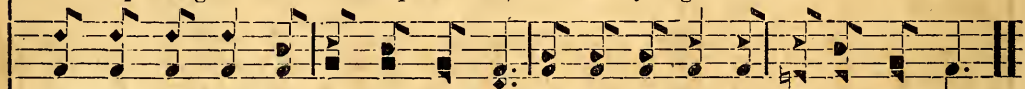


3 Nerved for the cares and toils of the day, Let us 'to la - bor hast - en a - way ;

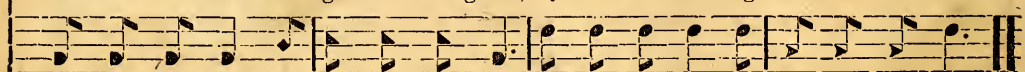
4 Now in life's morn-ing do all you can, Cheer-ful - ly toil and hope - ful - ly plan ;



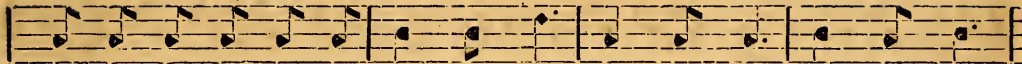
Dew-drops like gems the land - scape a - dorn, Hail to thy bright-ness beau - ti - ful morn.



Mu - sic re - sounds from gar - den and grove, Hymns of the morning waft - ed a - bove.



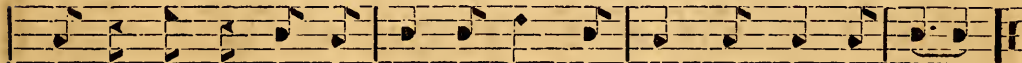
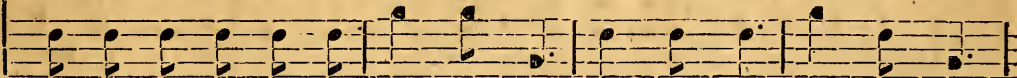
Sow - ers and reap - ers loud - ly de - mand Help from the heart and help from the hand.
Grace with good deeds your beau - ti - ful morn Joy shall be yours tho' wea - ry and worn.



Beau - ti - ful morn - ing we wel - come thee, Wel - come thee, wel - come thee—



Beau - ti - ful morn - ing we wel - come thee, Wel - come thee, wel - come thee—



Beau - ti - ful morn - ing we wel - come thee, We wel - come, wel - come thee.



Beau - ti - ful morn - ing we wel - come thee, We wel - come, wel - come thee.





1 { To the woods, to the woods, to the woods we will go, To the woods one and all hie a - way ; }
 { There we'll walk, or we'll talk, or we'll play as we may, In the woods we will stay all the day. }



2 { And at eve we will leave, to our homes we will go, To our homes from the woods far a - way ; }
 { While we walk, or we talk, or we play as we may, As we leave at the close of the day. }



We will breathe in the fra-grance that floats on the breeze, We will list to the car - ols of birds on the trees.



We will breathe in the fra-grance that floats on the breeze, We will list to the car - ols of birds on the trees ;



While we walk, or we talk, or we play as we may, In the woods thro' the long hap-py day.

While we talk in our walk, or we play as we may, As we haste to our homes far a - way.

PURITY.

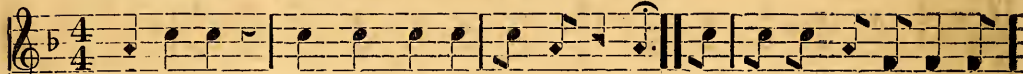
A. S. KIEFFER.

1 Purer yet, and pur-er, I would be in mind, Dear-er yet, and dear-er, Every du - ty find.

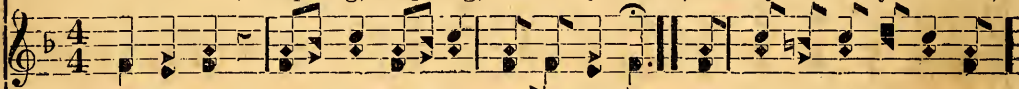
2 Hop-ing still and trusting, God with-out a fear, Pa-tiently believing, He will make it clear.

3 Calm-er yet, and calmer, Tri-al bear and pain, Sur-er yet, and sur-er, Peace at last to gain.

For the first three stanzas repeat as a D. C. the first line to FINE.



1 Here I come, creep - ing, creep - ing, ev - er - y - where; Close by the dus - ty road - side,



2 Here I come, creep - ing, creep - ing, ev - er - y - where; All round the o - pen door,



3 Here I come, creep - ing, creep - ing, ev - er - y - where; You can - not see me com - ing,

4 Here I come, creep - ing, creep - ing, ev - er - y - where; More wel - come than the flow - ers,

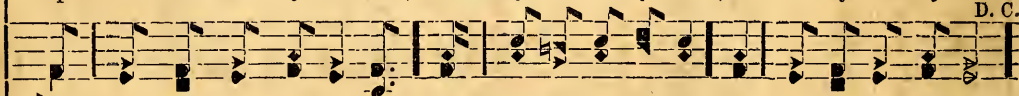
D. C.—To see me creep - ing, creep - ing, ev - er - y - where.

D. C.

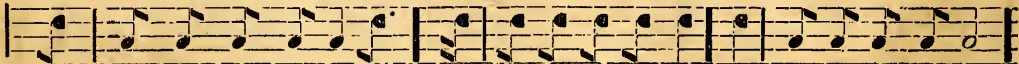


Up - on the sha - dy hill - side, Close by the noi - sy brook, In ev - ery sha - dy nook.

D. C.



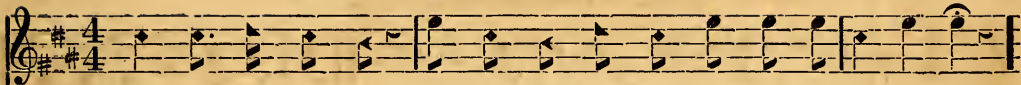
Where sit the a - ged poor, Here where the chil - dren play, In the bright and merry May,



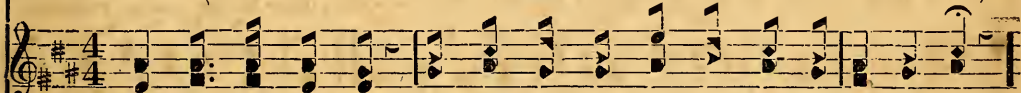
Nor hear my low sweet humming, For in the star - ry night, As in the morning light,
In sum - mer's pleas - ant hours, The gen - tle cow is glad, And the merry birds not sad,

STAND LIKE THE ANVIL.

C. C. MILLER. 49



1 "Stand like the an - vil!" When the stroke of stal - wart men fall fierce and fast ;

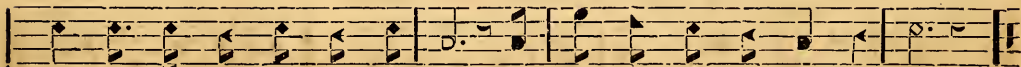


2 "Stand like the an - vil!" When the sparks fly far and wide a fier - y shower,

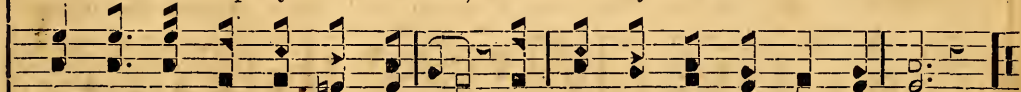


3 "Stand like the an - vil!" When the bar lies red and glow - ing on its breast ;

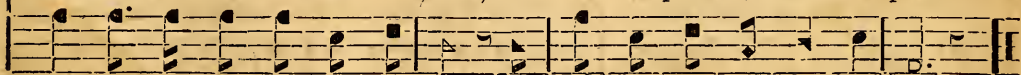
4 "Stand like the an - vil!" Noise and heat are born of earth and die with time.



Storms but more deep - ly root the oak, Whose brow - ny arms em - brace the blast.

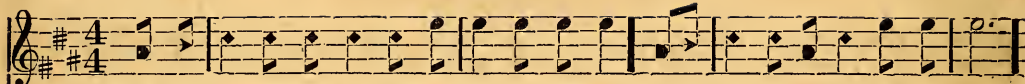


Vir - tue and truth must still be marks, Where mal - ice proves its want of power.

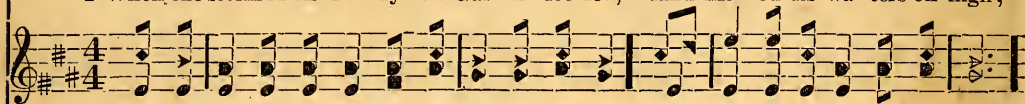


Du - ty shall be life's lead - ing star, And con - scious in - no - cence its rest.
The soul, like God, its source and seat, Is sol - emn, still, se - rene, sub - lime.

4. O. S. D. S.



1 When the storm in its fu - ry on Gal - li - lee fell, And lift - ed its wa - ters on high;



2 The storm could not bu - ry that word in the wave, 'Twas taught thro' the tempest to fly;



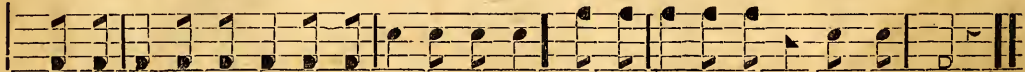
3 When the spir-it is bro - ken with sor-row and care, And com-fort is read-y to die;



And the faith-less dis-ciples were bound in the spell, Je - sus whispered, "Fear not, it is I."



It shall reach his dis-ci - ples in ev - e - ry clime, Say - ing, "Be not a - fraid, it is I."



Then the darkness shall pass, and the sun-shine ap-pear, By the life-giv-ing word, "It is I."

“It is I, it is I,” “Fear not, tremb-ling one, it is I,”

“It is I, it is I,” “Fear not, tremb-ling one, it is I,”

In the midst of the storm, in the midst of the gloom, “Fear not, tremb-ling one, it is I.”

In the midst of the storm, in the midst of the gloom, “Fear not, tremb-ling one, it is I.”

4 When death is at hand, and this cottage of clay
Is left with a tremulous sigh;
The gracious Redeemer will light all the way,
Saying, “Be not afraid, it is I.”

5 When the river is past, and the glories unknown,
Burst forth on the wondering eye—
He will welcome, encourage, and comfort his own,
Saying, “Be not afraid, it is I.”

1 Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy - bos - om fly ;

2 Hide me, O my Sa - vior, hide, Till the storm of life be past,

3 Oth - er ref - uge have I none— Hangs my help - less soul on thee ;

4 All my trust on thee is stayed, All my help from thee I bring—

While the bil - lows near me roll, While the tem - pest still is high.

Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last.

Leave, oh ! leave me not a - - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me.

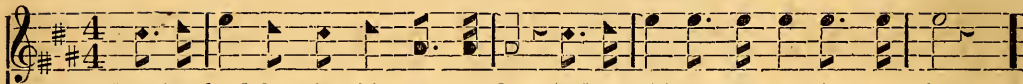
Cov - er my de - fence - less head With the shad - ow of thy wing.

ROCK OF AGES—Continued.

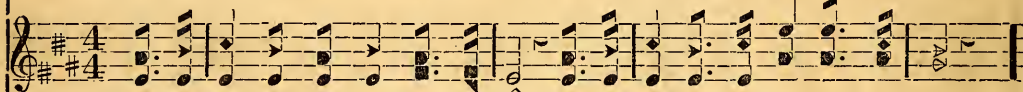
CHORUS

Rock of A - ges cleft for me, Rock of A - ges cleft for me,
 Rock of A - ges cleft for me, Rock of A - ges cleft for me,

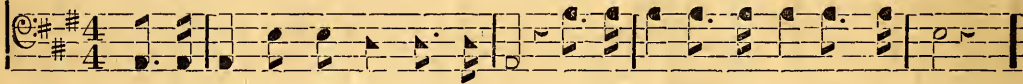
Rock of A - ges cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee.
 Rock of A - ges cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee.



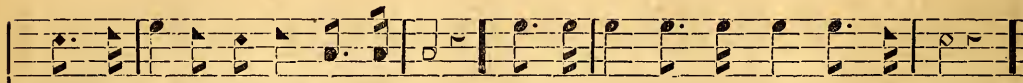
1 There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we may see it a - far;



2 We shall sing on that beau - ti - ful shore, To me - lo - di - ous songs of the blest;



3 To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove, We will of - fer our trib - ute of praise;



For the Fa - ther waits o - ver the way, To pre - pare us a dwell - ing place there.



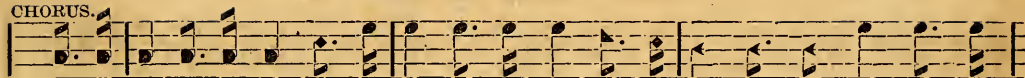
And our spir - its shall sor - row no more— Nor sigh for the bles - sings of rest,



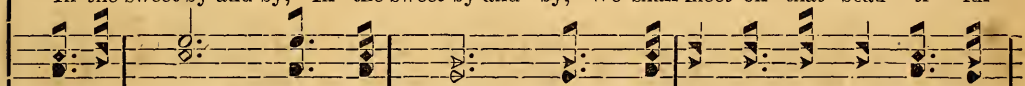
For the glo - ri - ous gift of his Son, And the bles - sings that hal - low our days.

THE SWEET BY-AND-BY—Continued.

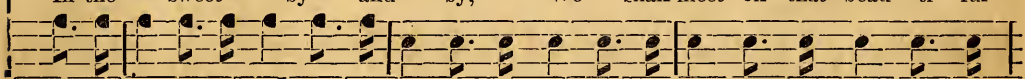
CHORUS.



In the sweet by-and-by, In the sweet by-and-by, We shall meet on that beau-ti-ful



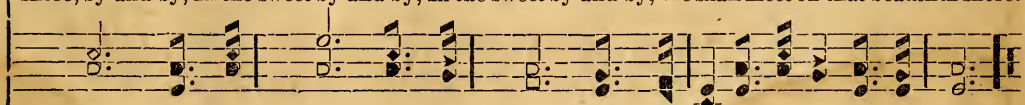
In the sweet by-and-by, We shall meet on that beau-ti-ful



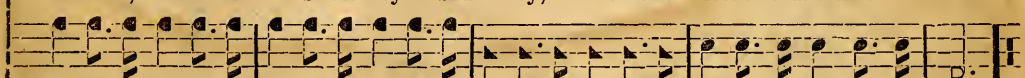
In the sweet by-and-by, In the sweet by-and-by, We shall meet on that beau-ti-ful



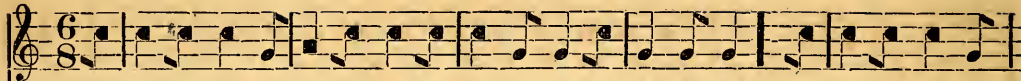
shore, by-and-by, In the sweet by-and-by, In the sweet by-and-by, We shall meet on that beautiful shore.



shore; In the sweet by-and-by, We shall meet on that beau-ti-ful shore.



shore, by-and-by, In the sweet by-and-by, In the sweet by-and-by, We shall meet on that beautiful shore.



1 Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky, The fly-ing cloud, the frosty light ; The year is dy - ing



2 Ring out the old, ring in the new, Ring hap-py bells, across the snow : The year is go - ing,



3 Ring out the want, the care, the sin, The faithless coldness of the times ; Ring out, ring out my
4 Ring in the val-iant man and free, The lar-ger heart, the kindlier hand ; Ring out the darkness



in the night ; Ring out wild bells and let him die. Mer-ri - ly, cheer - i - ly, sing we all, The



let him go ; Ring out the false, ring in the true. Mer - ri - ly cheer - i - ly sing we all, The



mourn-ful rhymes, But ring the fuller min-strel in.
of the land, Ring in the Christ that is to be.

Mer - ri - ly, cheer - i - ly sing we all, The

old years dies to - night! Mer - ri - ly, cheer-i - ly, sing we all, The old year dies to - night.

old year dies to - night! Mer - ri - ly, cheer-i - ly, sing we all, The old year dies to - night.

FAREWELL.

A. S. KIEFFER.

1 Fare-well we meet no more On this side heaven; The part-ing scene is o'er, The last sad look is given.

2 Farewell! my soul will weep While mem-'ry lives; From wounds that sink so deep No earthly hand relieves.

3 Farewell! oh, may we meet In heaven a - bove, And there, in union sweet, Sing of a Sa-vior's love.

HOME TO MY MOTHER IN HEAVEN.

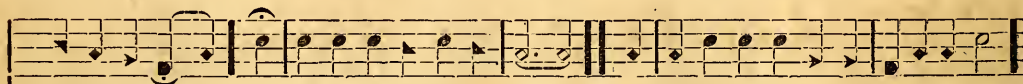
Words and Music by A. S. KIEFFER.



1 O fa-ther, come kiss me once more, And watch by my bed just to-night; Your Net-tie will walk thro' the



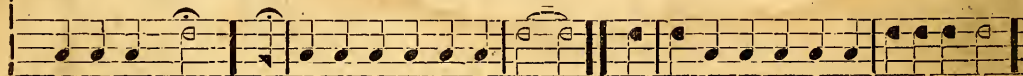
2 O fa-ther, what news shall I take, To Je-sus, and mother, for you; I'll tell him to send ho-ly
3 Our home here is lone-ly and dark, And oft we are hun-gry and cold; But I shall go home to my



Val-ley of Death, Ere dawn of the sweet Sabbath light. O fa-ther, I'm go-ing to moth-er, so dear,



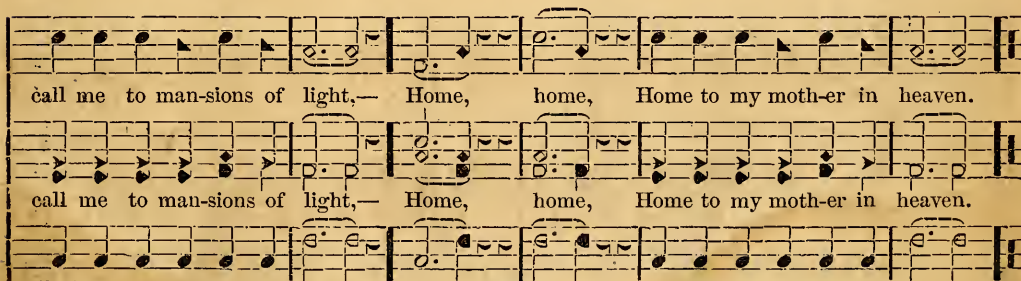
an-gels of light To bless and to com-fort you, too. O fa-ther, I'm go-ing to moth-er so dear,
moth-er to-night, Where pleas-ures are pu-rer than gold.





I dreamed that I saw her last night; And o - ver the Riv - er sweet voic - es I hear, They

I dreamed that I saw her last night; And o - ver the Riv - er sweet voic - es I hear, They



call me to man - sions of light, — Home, home, Home to my moth - er in heaven.

call me to man - sions of light, — Home, home, Home to my moth - er in heaven.

4 O father, dear father, once more,
Of Jesus I pray you to think;
And when I am gone to my mother in heaven,
O, father, please give up your drink.

5 O father, dear father, once more,
Please read in my Bible and think;
"No drunkard shall enter the kingdom of heaven,
Oh God, keep my father from drink.

1 Oh! is it not a pi - ty Such a lit - tle boy as I, Who wants to go with

2 O, Mother, please do let me go And see how good I'll be— I'll tell you all the

3 I want to learn God's ho - ly word I want to learn to sing; I want to join my
4 Please, let me go to school, dear Ma! To read my les-sons o'er; To hear, and an - swer

Tom to school Should stay a - way and cry? Oh! I can't stay a - way, Oh! I

things I learn And all the things I see. Oh! I can't stay a - way, Oh! I

lit - tle mates And hear their voic - es ring.
ques-tions, too, That I may learn the more.—

can't stay a - way, For I do want to go to school And can't stay a - way.

can't stay a - way, For I do want to go to school And can't stay a - way.

5 Dear mother, woult you now consent,
To let me go to school ;
I do not wish to run about—
And grow to be a fool.

6 O, yes, dear child you now may go ;
But ever bear in mind,

To be unto your little mates
Obliging, true and kind.

CHO.—So, you shan't stay away !
No, you shan't stay away !
But with Tom you may go school
So haste, boys away.

HASKELL.

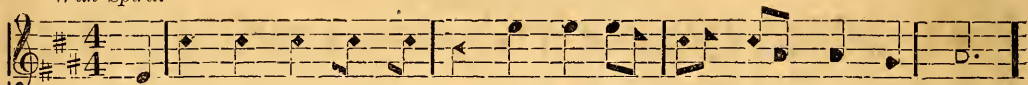
DR. L. MASON,

1 Mid'st sor - row and care, There's one that is near, And ev - er de - lights to re - lieve us.

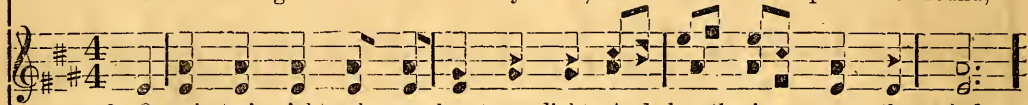
2 His boun-ties are free, He hears eve - ry plea, And welcomes the cry of the need - y.
3 Blest man-sions a - bove, Prepared by his love, Are wait-ing at last to re - ceive us.

OUR SLEIGH-RIDE.

A. S. KIEFFER.



1 O swift we go o'er the flee - cy snow, When moon-beams spar - kle round,



2 On win-ter's night, when our hearts are light, And breath is on the wind,



3 With laugh and song we glide a - long, A - cross the fleet - ing snow,
4 The rag - ing sea has the joys for me, When gale and tem - pest roar,



When hoofs keep time to mu - sic's chime, As mer - ri - ly on we bound,



We loose the rein and sweep the plain, And leave our cares be - hind.



With friends be - side how swift we'll ride, The beau - ti - ful track be - low.
But give the speed of the foaming steed, And I'll ask for waves no more.

As mer-ri-ly on, as mer-ri-ly on, as mer-ri-ly on we bound, we bound, As

As mer-ri-ly on, as mer-ri-ly on, as mer-ri-ly on we bound, As

As mer-ri-ly on, as mer-ri-ly on, as mer-ri-ly on we bound, we bound, As

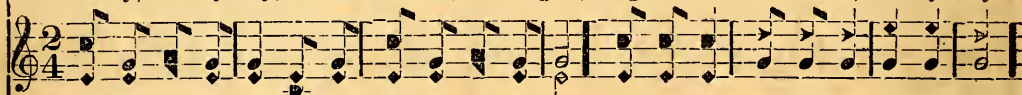
mer-ri-ly on. as mer-ri-ly on, As mer-ri-ly on we bound, we bound,

mer-ri-ly on, as mer-ri-ly on, As mer-ri-ly on we bound.

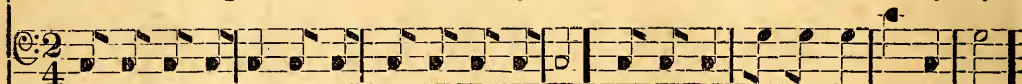
mer-ri-ly on, as mer-ri-ly on, As mer-ri-ly on we bound, we bound.



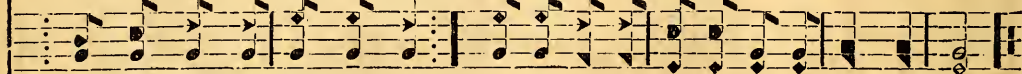
1 Love-ly, love-ly May, Ev-er wel-come, ev-er gay; Fragrance rare fills the air, Love-ly May.



2 Fresh the morning air, Oh, how love-ly all things are; Birdlings sweet, all so fleet, Lovely May.



{ O'er the mead-ows swal-lows fly, }
 { Lifts the lark her voice so high, } Nought can with thy beau-ty vie, O, love-ly May.



{ Buds and blos-soms, fresh and bright, }
 { Leaves so green, en-chant-ing sight } Naught but joy from morn till night, O love-ly May.



1 My coun-try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my

2 My na - tive coun-try! thee, Land of the no - ble free, Thy name I love; I love thy

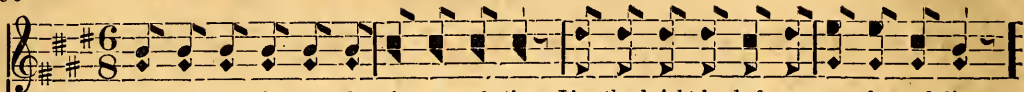
3 Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song! Let mor - tal
4 Our fa - ther's God, to thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty, To thee we sing; Long may our

fa - thers died, Land of the pil-grim's pride, From eve - ry moun-tain-side Let free - dom ring.

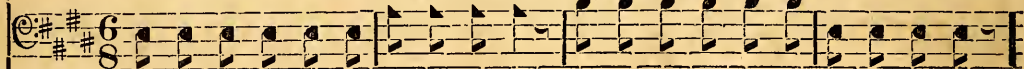
rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills Like that a - bove.

tongues a-wake; Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their silence break, — The sound pro-long.
land be bright With free-dom's ho-ly light; Pro - tect us by thy might, Great God, our King!

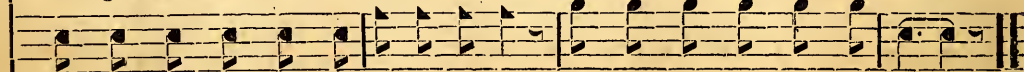
5. O. S. D. S.



1 O - ver the riv - er, the riv - er of time, Lies the bright land of a ver - dure sub - lime;
 2 O - ver the riv - er's the pil - grim's re - treat, Gor - geous in splen - dor, in beau - ty com - plete;



Val - leys of beau - ty in splen - dor do shine, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful home!
 An - gels are sing - ing in har - mo - ny sweet, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful home!



3 Over the river time never grows old;
 There are enjoyments and pleasures untold;
 There is a city with streets of pure gold!
 Beautiful, beautiful home!
Chorus.—Over the river, etc.

4 Over the river our sorrows will cease,
 Hushed by the songs of a heavenly peace;
 When we get there what a happy release!
 Beautiful, beautiful home!
Chorus.—Over the river, etc.

5 Over the river the mansions are fair;
 Oh how inviting! our loved ones are there;
 Soon in those mansions their glory we'll share;
 Beautiful, beautiful home!
Chorus.—Over the river, etc.

6 Over the river there are no dark skies,
 There every tear shall be wiped from our eyes,
 There the sweet pleasure of home never dies;
 Beautiful, beautiful home!
Chorus.—Over the river, etc.



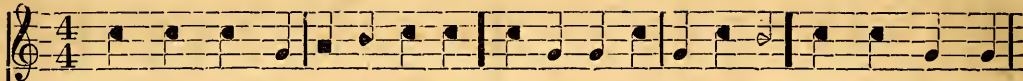
O - ver the beau - ti - ful riv - er, The beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful riv - er,
 O - - - - - ver the riv - er, the beau - - - - - ti - ful riv - er,

O - ver the beau - ti - ful riv - er, The beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful riv - er,

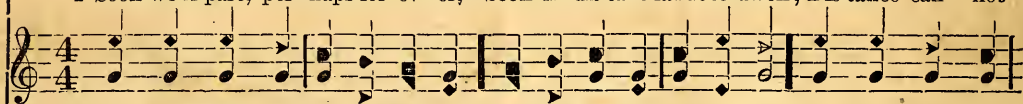


O - ver the beau - ti - ful riv - er, The beau - ti - ful fields are all green.
 O - - - - - ver the riv - er, The fields - - - - - are all green.

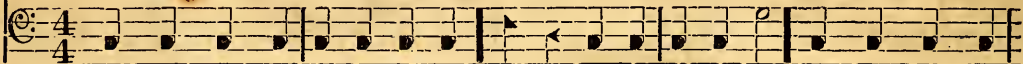
O - ver the beau - ti - ful riv - er, The beau - ti - ful fields are all green.



1 Soon we'll part, per-haps for-ev-er, Soon in dis-tant lands to dwell; Dis-tance can - not



2 Fu - ture faith on time's dark ocean, Com-ing life for us may tell; Peace be thine with-



friendship sev-er, Fare-well, teacher, fare thee well.

3 Should the storms of life alarm thee,
God can every terror quell;
Lean on him and none can harm thee,
Farewell! teacher, fare thee well.

out com-mo-tion, Fare-well, teacher, fare thee well.

4 May the eye that never slumbers,
Watch thee and all care dispel;
He can calm the tempest's anger,
Farewell! teacher, fare thee well.

5 When is finished life's dull story,
And is heard our funeral knell,
May we meet in realms of glory,
Till that meeting, fare thee well.



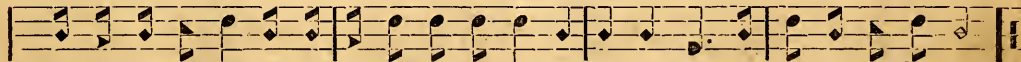
1 Come, come, come, The sum-mer now is here; Come, O! come, and here no lon-ger roam; Come



2 Come, come, come, The sum-mer now is here; Come, O! come, and here no lon-ger roam; Come



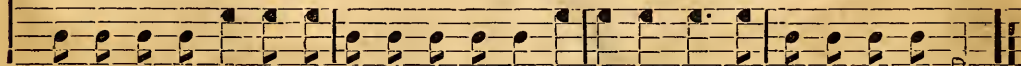
3 Come, come, come, The sum-mer now is here; Come, O! come, and here no lon-ger roam; Come



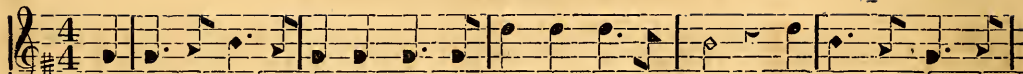
out a-mong the flow-ers, And make some pret-ty bow-ers, Come, come, come, The sum-mer now is here.



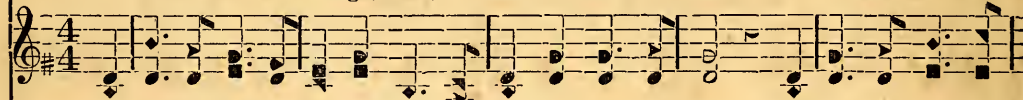
cull the pret-ty po-sies, The vi-o-lets and ro-sies, Come, come, come, The sum-mer now is here.



ram-ble in the bush-es, And hear the pret-ty thrush-es, Come, come, come, The sum-mer now is here.



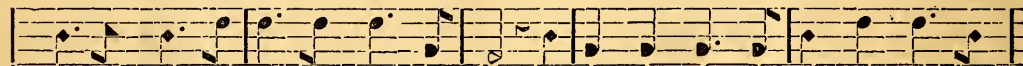
1 I've wandered to the village, Tom, I've sat be - neath the tree Up - on the school-house



2 The grass is just as green, dear Tom ; bare-foot-ed boys at play Were sporting there as



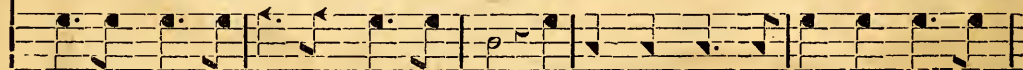
3 That old school-house has altered some ; the benches are re-placed By new ones ver - y



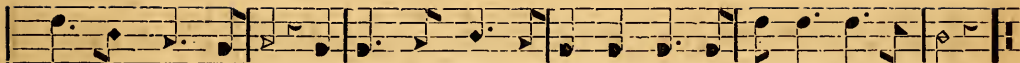
play - ground, which shelter'd you and me ; But none were there to greet me, Tom, and



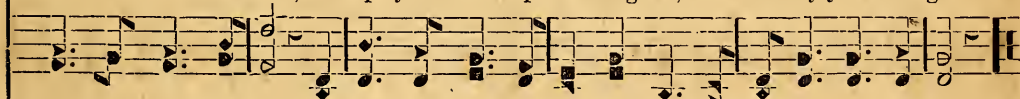
we did then, with spir - its just as gay ; But the master sleeps up - on the hill, which



like the ones our pen-knives had de - faced ; The same old bricks are in the wall, the



few were left to know, That play'd with us up - on the grass, some twen-ty years a - go.



coat - ed o'er with snow, Af-ford - ed us a sli - ding-place, just twenty years a - go.



bell swings to and fro, The mu-sic's just the same, dear Tom, 'twas twenty years a - go.

The river's running just as still ; the willows on its side
Are larger than they were, dear Tom ; the stream ap-
pears less wide ;

The grape-vine swing is ruined now, where once we
played the beau,
And swung our sweet-hearts—pretty girls!—just twenty
years ago.

The spring that bubbled 'neath the hill, close by the
spreading beech,

Is very low—'twas once so high that we could almost reach ;
And kneeling down to get a drink, dear Tom, I started so !
To find that I had changed so much since twenty years ago ;

The boys were playing the same old game, beneath the
same old tree—

(I do forget the name just now,) you've played the same with
me

On that same spot ; 'twas played with knives, by throwing
so and so ;

The leader had a task to do, there, twenty years ago.

Down by the spring, upon an elm, you know I cut your name,
Your sweetheart's just beneath it, Tom, — and you did mine
the same :—

Some heartless wretch has peeled the bark,—'twas dying,
sure but slow,
Just as the one whose name was cut died, twenty years ago.

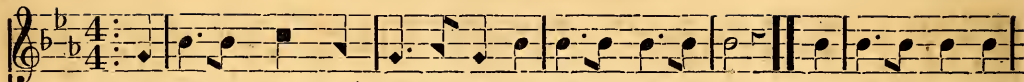
My lids have long been dry, dear Tom, but tears come to
my eyes—

I thought of those we loved so well—those early broken ties ;
I visited the old church-yard, and took some flowers to strew ;
Upon the graves of those we loved, some twenty years ago.

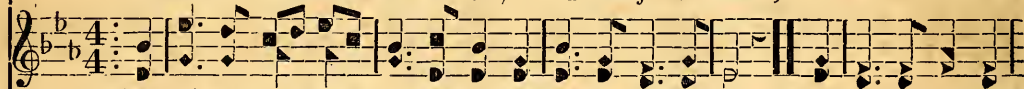
Some are in the church-yard laid, some sleep beneath the
sea ;—

But few are left of our old class excepting you and me ;
And when our time shall come, dear Tom, and we are
called to go,

I hope they'll lay us where we played just twenty years ago.



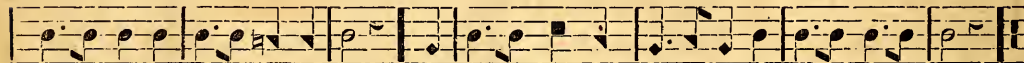
1 Our fes-tal songs are ring-ing loud, Our hearts are full of glee; } But mem'ry checks our
We wel-come back our friends of old, We hail our ju-bi-lee: }



2 The spring is here with op'ning flowers, The grass is springing green, } But some among the
And all the young and glad are met, A joy-ous crowd are seen; }



3 And some are rov-ing east and west, Or on the sounding sea, } Their mem'ry ris-es
But peace, and love, and joy to them Wher-ev-er they may be; }



joyous notes, And softer pours our lay, While thinking of the absent ones, The loved ones far away.



love-li-est Are not with us to-day; We spoke the word of part-ing to The loved ones far a-way.



in our hearts Upon this festal-day; We ask for Heav'n's rich blessing on The loved ones far a-way.

1 Chil - dren, let us haste a - way, haste a - way, haste a - way! Chil-dren, let us

2 There we learn to sing and pray, Sing and pray, sing and pray, There we learn to

3 Je - sus will be with us there, with us there, with us there; And we may his:
 4 Sure it is a pleas - ant place, pleas-ant place, pleas-ant place, There we may his

haste a - way, To the Sab - bath school.

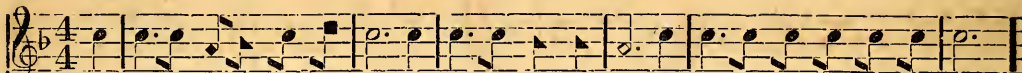
sing and pray, In the Sab - bath school,

bles - sings share, In the Sab - bath school.
 love em - brace, In the Sab - bath school.

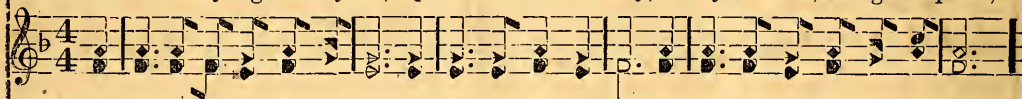
IN MERCY, LORD, REMEMBER ME.

TUNE: "*Evan.*"

- 1 In mercy, Lord, remember me,
 Through all the hours of night,
 And grant to me most graciously,
 The safe-guard of thy might.
- 2 With cheerful heart I close my eyes,
 Since thou wilt not remove,
 Oh, in the morning let me rise,
 Rejoicing in thy love.
- 3 Or, if this night should prove the last,
 And end my transient days;
 Oh! take me to thy promised rest,
 Where I may sing thy praise.



1 Two soldiers ly-ing as they fell, Up-on the reddened clay, In daytime foes, at night in peace,



2 "A-mong New Hampshire's snowy hills There pray for me to night, A woman and a lit - tle girl,



3 Then spoke the other dy-ing man, " Across the Georgia plain, There watch and wait for me, loved ones
4 The dy-ing lips the par-don breathe, The dying hands entwine : The last ray dies and o-ver all



Breath'd there their lives away ; Brave hearts had stirr'd each manly breast, Fate, only made them foes ; And



With hair like gol-den light ;" And at the thought, broke forth at last The cry of an - guish wild ; That



I'll nev-er see a - gain ; A lit - tle girl, with dark bright eyes, Each day is at the door, The
The stars of heaven shine ; And now the girl with gold-en hair, And she with dark eyes bright, On

ly-ing, dy-ing, side by side, A soft-ened feel-ing rose. They'll go no more to the loved homes here, But to -

would no longer be repressed, "O God! my wife, my child!" They'll go no more to the loved homes here, But to -

fa-ther's step, the father's kiss, Will never greet her more." They'll go no more to the loved homes here, But to -
Hampshire's hills, and Georgia's plain, Were fatherless that night.

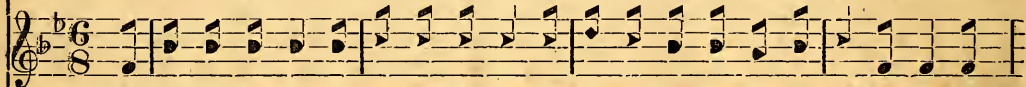
geth - er both will wait For the sun-ny-haired and the bright-eyed ones, Be-yond the gol-den gate.

geth - er both will wait For the sun-ny-haired and the bright-eyed ones, Be-yond the gol-den gate.

THE NORTH WIND.



1 The north wind doth blow, And we shall have snow, And what will the robin do then, poor thing? He'll



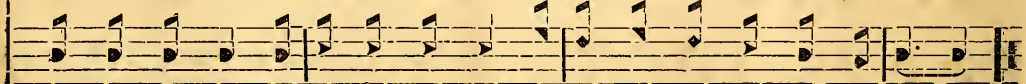
2 The north wind doth blow, And we shall have snow, And what will the swal-low do then, poor thing? Oh!



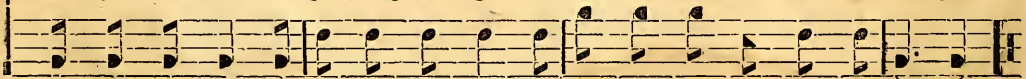
3 The north wind doth blow, And we shall have snow, And what will the chil-dren do then, peer things? When



sit in some barn, And keep him-self warm, And hide his head un-der his wing.



do you not know He's gone, long a-go, To a clime where the sum-mer birds sing.



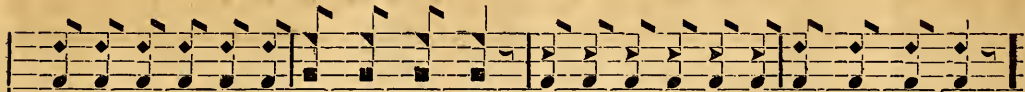
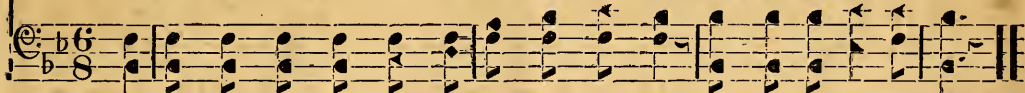
les-sons are done, They'll jump, skip and run, And play till the school bell rings.

RETURN TO SCHOOL.

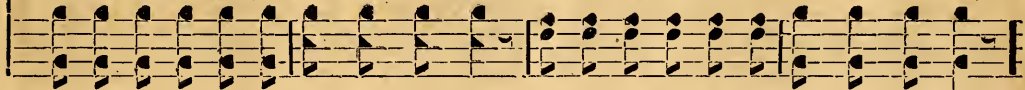
OLD MELODY. 77



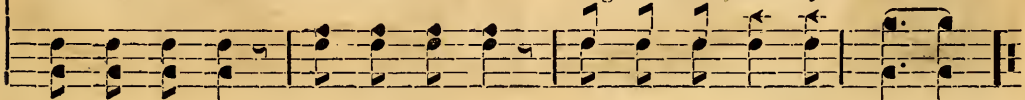
{ To school and its pleas - ures a - gain we re - turn, Sing with a mer - ry cheer ! }
 { A - gain we as - sem - ble, our les - sons to learn, Sing with a mer - ry cheer ! }



Hap - py va - ca - tion, how quick - ly it passed ! Hol - i - day rambles are o - ver at last ;

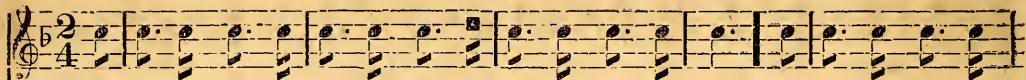


Wel - come to all ! Wel - come to all ! Sing with a mer - ry cheer.



WINTER SONG.

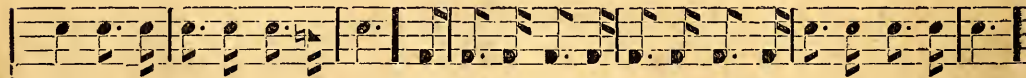
Words and Music by A. S. KIEFFER.



1 With shout and song we bound along, A - cross the flee - cy snow! A band of joy - ous



2 And there in sweet en-joy - ment we Will spend the win - try day, In learn - ing eve - ry



chil - dren, A - way to school we go; 'Tis there we'll learn our lessons o'er, 'Tis there our songs we'll sing,



pure thing, That cheers life's weary way; And when our lessons all are done, And time shall be no more—



'Tis there at mer - ry play - time, Our shouts shall gai - ly ring.

We trust to meet in glad - ness Up - on a fair - er shore.

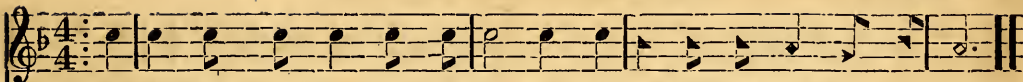
BOYLESTON. S. M.

- 1 A few more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with those that rest
Asleep within the tomb.
- 2 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore ;
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more.

- 3 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more.
- 4 A few more Sabbaths here
Shall cheer us on our way ;
And we shall reach the endless rest,
Th' eternal Sabbath-day.

MY LIFE IS A PLEASURE.

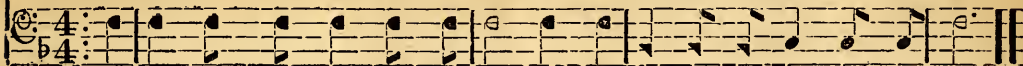
A. S. KIEFFER. 81



1 My life is a pleas-ure and bless-ing, My days are all bus-y and bright, }
 While health and con-tent - ment pos-sess - ing, New pleas-ures be-gin with the light. }
 The sun ris - es bright from the bil - low, And chas-es the dark-ness a - way.



2 My cot - tage is shel - tered and sun - ny, A brook round it qui - et - ly glides, }
 And gai - ly the bees seek their hon - ey From flowers that bloom on its sides. }
 A - round all is still and in - vi - ting, While love and con-tent dwell with-in.



Con-tent to lie down on my pil - low, And ear - ly a - wak - ing with day, D C



The rose and the wood-bine u - ni - ting, O'er wind-ow and door - way en - twine



1 Of - ten wea - ry and worn in the path - way be - low, When the bur - den is heavy, my heart throbs with woe ;

2 It becometh not thee to seek earth's transient bliss ; Or thy treas - ures to place in a r e - gion like this ;

3 You will not la - bor long for the Mas - ter be - low Soon his call you shall hear—your free spirit shall go
4 Then, dear Sa - vior, I would not in sad - ness re - pine ; Nor would here on a bed of sweet ro - ses re - cline ;

Then comes a sweet whis - per to quell eve - ry sigh—Do not faint 'neath the bur - den, there is rest by - and - by.

Though the cross may seem heavy, the moments soon fly—In the beau - ti - ful cit - y there is rest by - and - by.

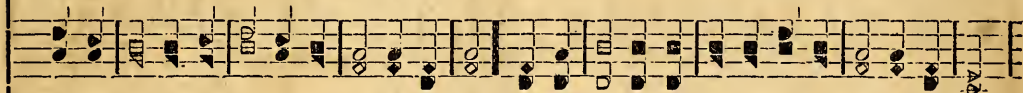
To the light of his pres - ence in man - sions on high, Where the faith - ful re - pose ; for there is rest by - and - by.
For a coun - try I seek where they never more die, And in Zi - on, my home, there is sweet rest by - and - by.

REST BY-AND-BY—Continued.

CHORUS.



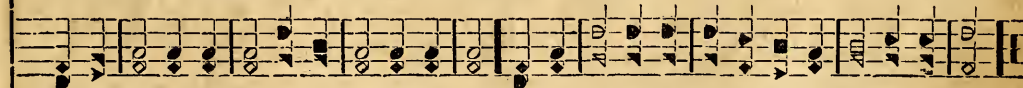
There is rest by-and-by, there is rest by-and-by; In the beau-ti - ful cit - y there is rest by-and - by,



There is rest by-and-by, there is rest by-and-by, In the beau-ti - ful cit - y there is rest by-and - by,



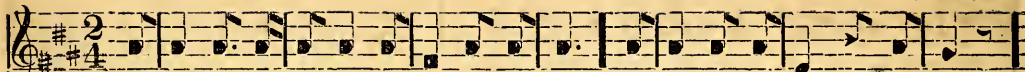
Where the ran-somed shall live with their Sa-rior on high, In the beau-ti - ful city there is rest by-and-by.



Where the ran-somed shall live with their Sa-rior on high, In the beau-ti - ful city there is rest by-and-by.



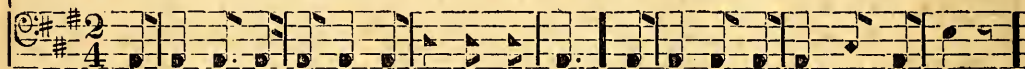
BE KIND.



1 Be kind to thy father—for when thou wast young, Who lov'd thee so fondly as he!



2 Be kind to thy moth-er—for lo! on her brow May tra-ces of sor-row be seen;



3 Be kind to thy broth-er—his heart may have dearth, If the smile of thy joy be with-drawn;

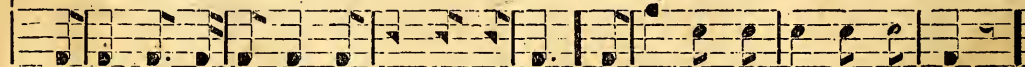
4 Be kind to thy sis-ter—not ma-ny may know The depths of true sis-ter-ly love;



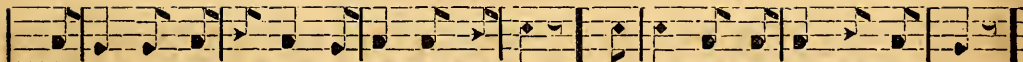
He caught the first ac-cents that fell from thy tongue, And joined in thy in-no-cent glee.



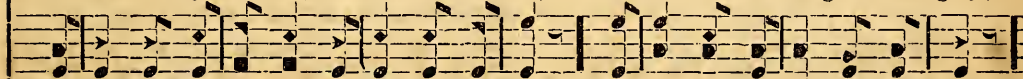
Oh, well may'st thou cher-ish and comfort her now, For lov-ing and kind hath she been.



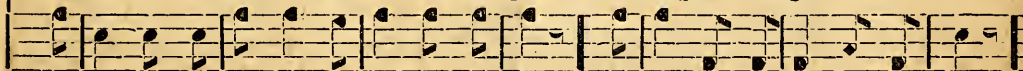
The flow-ers of feel-ing will fade at their birth, If the dew of af-fec-tion be gone.
The wealth of the o-cean lies fath-oms be-low The sur-face that spar-kles a-beve.



Be kind to thy fa - ther, for now he is old, His locks in - ter-min-gled with grey ;



Re-mem-ber thy moth-er—for thee will she pray, As long as God giv - eth her breath ;



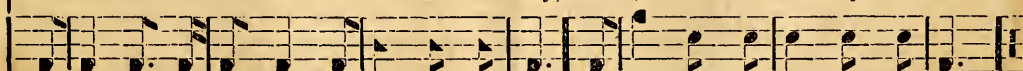
Be kind to thy broth-er—wher-ev - er you are, The love of a broth - er shall be
Be kind to thy fa - ther—once fear-less and bold, Be kind to thy moth-er so near ;



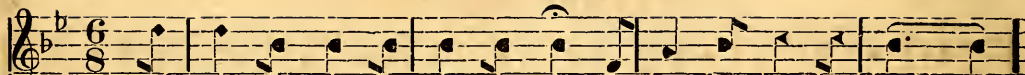
His foot-steps are fee - ble—once fear-less and bold,—Thy fa - ther is pass - ing a - way.



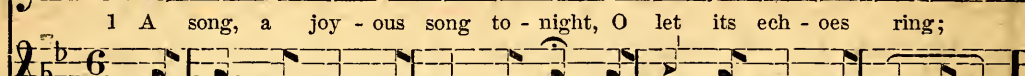
With ac-cents of kind - ness then cheer her lone way, E'en to the dark val - ley of death.



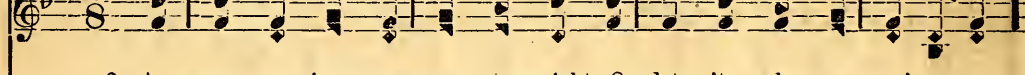
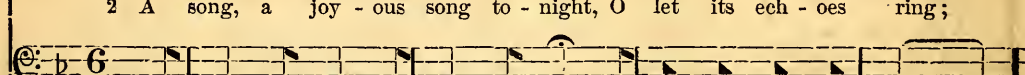

An or - na-ment pu - rer and rich - er by far, Than pearls from the depths of the sea.
Be kind to thy broth-er, nor show thy heart cold, Be kind to thy sis - ter so dear.



1 A song, a joy - ous song to - night, O let its ech - oes ring;



2 A song, a joy - ous song to - night, O let its ech - oes ring;


A song for temp - 'rance, truth and right, U - ni - ted let us sing.



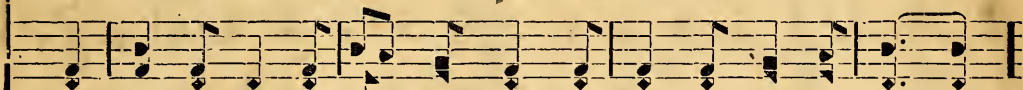
A song for temp - 'rance, truth and right, U - ni - ted let us sing.



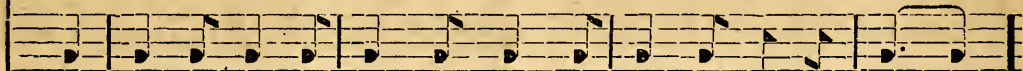




A - way, A - way the spark - ling wine, It hath a dead - ly sting,



A - way, a - way the spark - ling wine, It hath a dead - ly sting,

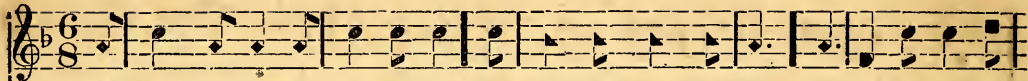


But give to us the draught di - vine, Pure wa - ter from the spring.

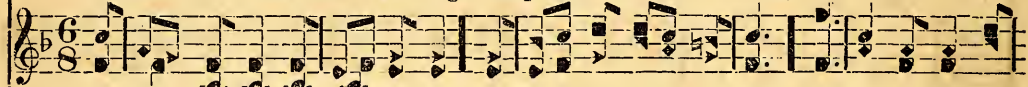


But give to us the draught di - vine, Pure wa - ter from the spring.





1 This earth hath treasures fair and bright Deep bu-ried in her caves, And o - cean hid-eth



2 True ster - ling hap - pi - ness and joy Are not with gold al - lied Nor can it yield a



3 The friends whom time hath proved sincere 'Tis they a - lone can bring · A sure re - lief to



many a gem With his blue curl - ing waves; Yet not with - in her bo - som dark,



pleasure like A mer - ry fire - - - side; I en - vy not the man who dwells



hearts that droop Neath sor - rows heav - y wing; Though care and trou - ble may be mine,



Or 'neath his dash-ing foam, Lies there a treas-ure e - qual-ing, A world of love at home.



In state - ly hall or dome, If 'mid the splen-dor he hath not A world of love a home.



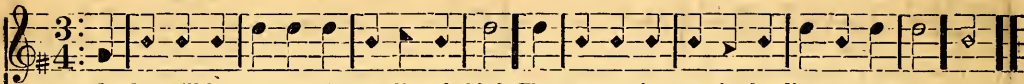
As down life's path we roam, I'll heed them not while still I have A world of love at home.

BADEA.

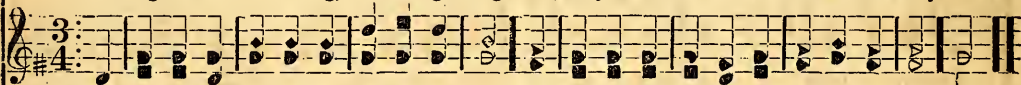
GERMAN.



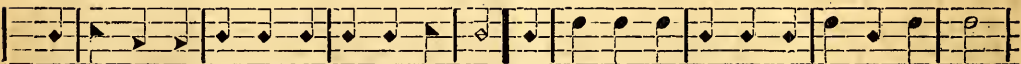
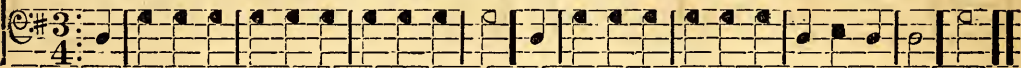
- | | | |
|---|--|--|
| <p>1 Blest be the tie that binds,
Our hearts in Christian love :
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.</p> | <p>2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers ;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.</p> | <p>3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear ;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.</p> |
|---|--|--|



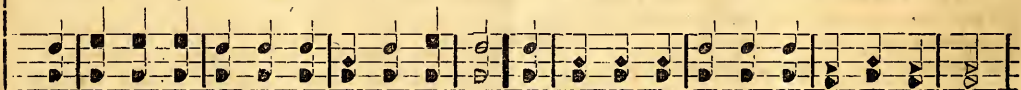
- 1 { O what will be - come of the poor lit - tle bird, The mut - ter - ing song in the dis - tance is heard.
The rough winds are wa - king, the clouds growing black, They'll soon scatter snow - flakes all over thy back.



- 2 { But what makes thee seem so unconscious of care? The brown earth is frozen, the branches are bare,
And how canst thou be so light hearted and free, As if danger and suffering thou never shouldst see.

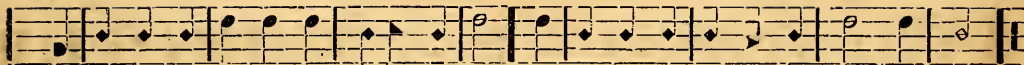


From what sunny clime hast thou wandered away? And what art thou do - ing this cold winter day?

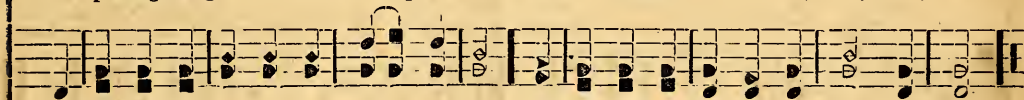


When no place is near for thy ev - en - ing nest, No leaf for thy screen, for thy bosom no rest?

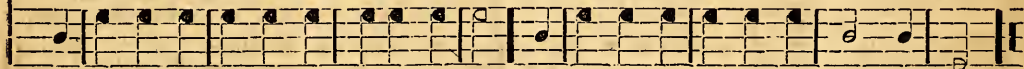




I'm picking the gum from the old peach tree; The storm doesn't trouble me, Pee, dee, dee.



Because the same hand is a shelter to me, That took off the summer leaves, Pee, dee, dee.

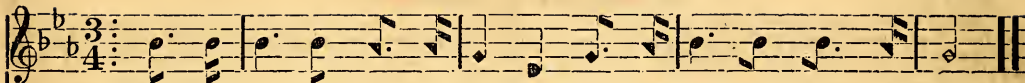


3 But man feels a burden of care and of grief,
While plucking the cluster and binding the sheaf;
In the summer we faint, in the winter we're chilled,
With ever a void that is yet to be filled.
We take from the ocean, the earth, and the air,
Yet all their rich gifts do not silence our care.
"A very small portion sufficient will be,
If sweetened with gratitude. Pee, dee, dee!"

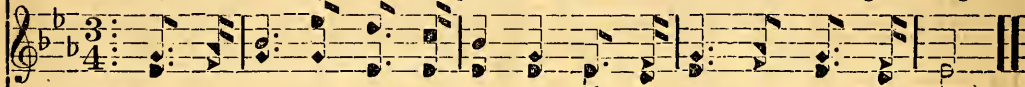
4 But soon there'll be ice weighing down the light bough,
On which thou art flitting so playfully now;
And though there's a vesture well fitted and warm,
Protecting the rest of thy delicate form,

What, then, wilt thou do with thy little bare feet,
To save them from pain, mid the frost and the sleet?
"I can draw them right up in my feathers, you see,
To warm them, and fly away. Pee, dee, dee!"

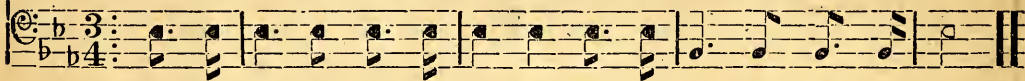
5 I thank thee, bright monitor; what thou hast taught,
Will oft be the theme of the happiest thought;
We look at the clouds; while the birds have an eye
To Him who reigns over them, changeless and high.
And now, little hero, just tell me thy name,
That I may be sure whence my oracle came.
"Because, in all weather, I'm merry and free,
They call me the Winter-king. Pee, dee, dee."



1 How we love these hours of sing - ing, How we prize each mo - ment bright ! }
 Pure en - joy - ment ev - er bring - ing, Yet we now must say good night ! }
 Joy en - hanc - ing, in our glad - ness, Must we part, and say good night.



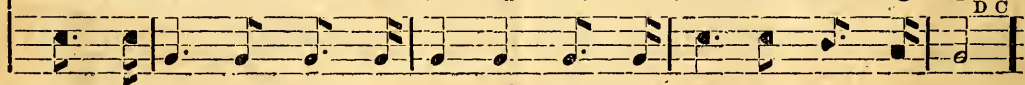
2 Sing we songs of cheer - ful meas - ure, While in cho - rus we u - nite, }
 Fain would we pro - long our pleas - ure, Ling'ring, while we say good night. }
 Ev - er on - ward, still un - tir - ing, Ev - er up - ward, now good night !



Mu - sic soothes us when in sad - ness, Gilds the dark - est clouds with light,



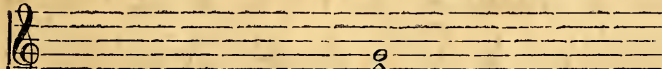
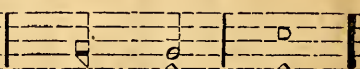
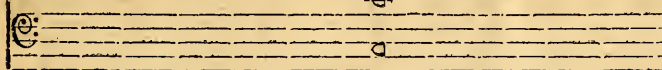
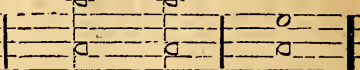
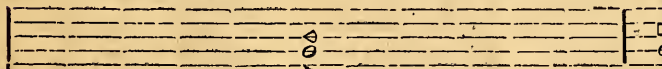
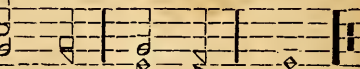
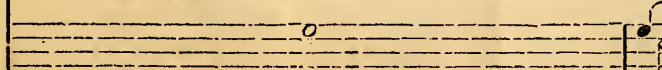
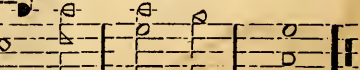
O sweet mu - sic ! love in - spir - ing— May we ne'er her teach - ings slight,



SELECTIONS FOR CHANTING.

RULES AND SUGGESTIONS.—Chanting is a form of utterance intermediate between speaking and singing. It differs from the former in being fixed upon a musical tone; from the latter, in not being measured by a regular rhythm. For lack of a full appreciation of these distinctions, two sorts of faults in chanting prevail: I. A tendency to vary from the exact pitch in recitative. II. A tendency to regard the notes of the chant as indicating rhythmical proportion, and, accordingly, 1. to rattle swiftly through a long recitative; 2. to drawl the syllables of a brief one; 3. to fall into a slow sing-song movement on reaching the cadence: 4. to dwell on the concluding syllable, as if it were necessary to give its complement of time to the whole note with which the strain terminates; 5. to accent or emphasize the first syllable of a recitative, as "A-and kneel before," "A-and th'str'ngth'the hills." The rule can not be too strongly enforced that time, and accent, and emphasis, in chanting, are to be determined by the words to be uttered, according to the principles of good reading, and not at all by the musical notation. The notes of a chant give no indication of time, but only of pitch. Even in the cadence, where two equal notes are written, it may often be better to sing one long and the other short.—THEO. F. SEWARD.

"COME TO ME."

 <p>1 With tearful eyes I look around, Life seems a dark and 2 It tells me of a place of rest— It tells me where my</p>	 <p>storm - - y sea; soul may flee;</p>
 <p>3 When nature shudders, loth to part From all I love, en - 4 Come, for all else must fade and die, Earth is no resting 5 O voice of mercy! voice of love! In conflict, grief, and</p>	 <p>joy, and see; place for thee; ag - - o - ny,</p>
 <p>Yet, 'midst the gloom, I hear a sound, A heavenly O! to the weary, faint, oppressed, How sweet the</p>	 <p>whis - per "Come to me." bid - ding, "Come to me."</p>
 <p>When a faint chill steals o'er my heart, A sweet voice Heavenward direct thy weeping eye, I am thy Support me, cheer me, from above! And gently</p>	 <p>ut - ters "Come to me." por - tion, "Come to me." whis - per "Come to me."</p>

THE TENDER LIGHT IS FADING.

B. C. UNSELD.

1 The tender light is fading where We pause and lin - ger still; And thro' the dim and saddened air, We
 2 For past is many a beauteous field, Be side our morn - ing road; And many a fount to us is sealed, That

feel the eve - ning chill. Long hast thou journeyed with us Lord, Ere we thy face did
 once so free - ly flowed. The splendor of the noontide lies On oth - er hearts than

know; | Oh! still thy fel-low-ship af-ford | While | dark the shad - ows | grow.
 ours; | The dews that lave yon fragrant skies, | Will | not re - vive our | flowers.

3 Something has faded—something died—
 With | out us and with | in; |
 We more than ever need a guide,
 Blind-ed and weak with | sin. |
 The weight is heavy that we bear,
 Our | strength now fee - ble grows; |
 Weary, with toil, and pain and care,
 We | long for sweet re | pose.

4 Stay with us, gracious Savior, stay,
 While | friends and hopes de | part! |
 Fainting, on thee we wish to lay
 The burden of our | heart. |
 Abide with us, dear Lord! remain,
 Our | life, our Truth, our Way; |
 So shall our loss be turned to gain—
 Night | dawn to endless | day.

ABIDE WITH ME.

1 Abide with me fast falls the e - ven tide; The darkness deepens, Lord with me a - bide:
 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joy's grow dim its glories pass a - way;

3 I need thy presence every pass-ing hour: What but thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r?
 4 I fear no foe with thee at hand to bless; Ills have no weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness;
 5 Hold thou thy cross before my clos-ing eyes; Shine thro' the gloom and point me to the skies;

When other helpers fail, and com - forts flee; Help of the helpless, O a | bide with | me.
 Change and decay in all a - round I see; O thou who changest not a | bide with | me. A - MEN.

Who like thyself my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, Lord a | bide with me. |
 Where is death's sting, where grave thy vic - to - ry? I triumph still, if thou a | bide with me. |
 Hear'ns morning breaks, and earth's vain shad - ows flee; In life, in death, O Lord, a | bide with me. | A - MEN.

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